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IO TRIUMPHE.

UNQUESTIONABLY, a considerable portion of the people of England is behaving itself in a very singular manner, and the thousand and odd tourists who represent us just now at the *tables-d'hôte* of Germany and Switzerland will have to put up with a share even larger than usual of wondering stares and sarcastic titters. Here are we—the nation whom all Europe regards as overwhelmed by the disgrace of military failure—throwing ourselves into transports of frantic enthusiasm at the sight of the troops whom all Europe expected us to receive on their return with sullen and dejected silence. Not only has Sir W. F. WILLIAMS, of Kars, made as many speeches as if he were Prime Minister, and recounted every incident of his life from his babyhood upwards, but scarcely a single regiment has returned to its old quarters without a public meeting held in its honour, and scarcely a single officer has come within a mile of his home without his excited neighbours unloosing the horses from his post-chaise and dragging him in triumph to the steps of his ancestral front-door. It does not admit of a moment's doubt that this is a very illogical sequel to certain other demonstrations which have occurred during the war; and our contemporary, the *Times*, in its zeal for the consistency of its countrymen, takes vast pains to admonish them of their foolishness. Have we forgotten, asks the leading journalist, that all Europe gives the credit of the recent successes to the French? Did not the French take the Malakhoff, and have they not borne all the heat and burden of the siege? What has become of the miscarriages of our generals, of the deficiencies of our officers, of the impotence of our administrative services, of Lord LUCAN, Sir RICHARD AIREY, Mr. FILDER, and Lord RAGLAN? Besides, what can be more absurd than to heap carresses on troops of whom the greater part reached the Crimea after the hard fighting was over, and saw no more of the trenches than the cavalry regiment which was publicly complimented the other day at Sheffield for the energy with which it had wielded the pickaxe and shovel? All these questions the *Times* presses home on its readers; and it is probable that, if our contemporary could venture to state its full meaning, it would ask us if we really supposed it was going to allow the trimmings which it had given to everybody concerned in the war to be lost, absorbed, and submerged in an uproar of foolish felicitation?

The explanation of our countrymen's conduct is not far to seek. They are acting on the natural view of the late war as opposed to what we venture to call the artificial or factitious view. In all former contests, ultimate success has been considered as condoning all previous and subordinate failure; nor has it ever been the practice to separate particular shortcomings or miscarriages from the general course of events, and to point at them as if they diminished or obscured the concluding triumph. Our countrymen are now instinctively adopting this theory of warfare; but it is their great, and perhaps irretrievable misfortune, that they were formerly induced to acquiesce in criticisms of the recent campaigns which proceeded on a radically different conception of war and its nature. It is melancholy enough to have won a material triumph, and yet to find it barren of the effects which it ought to produce on the opinion of the world; but it is still more wretched to have made all this sacrifice in the interests of a theory which will not sustain a moment's examination. War is a game of mixed chance and skill, with chance, on the whole, very greatly predominating; but the English newspaper critics—the authors of our present shame—have written for two years and a-half on the assumption that it is a game of pure skill. They have considered the campaign before Sebastopol precisely as if it were a game of chess. When Mr.

STAUNTON goes to Paris to play against some redoubted champion of the Continent, every move made by the adversaries is telegraphed to the London Chess Club. Each successive capture of a piece is singled out for approval or condemnation, the game being justly considered one in which every separate movement contributes sensibly to the result—in which carelessness and sagacity bear immediate and appreciable fruit—in which praise and blame can be accurately apportioned to the smallest success and the slightest misadventure. The criticisms of the English press on the war have been framed upon exactly the same principles. Every incident was telegraphed home, and the responsibility of it placed at once and unhesitatingly on the shoulders of a Minister, a General, or a system. That military calculations can only be effected in the rough—that, in war, apparent causes do not always, and cannot always, produce their expected effects—that the greatest successes are frequently only the result of a favourable balance of blunders—are considerations which these gentlemen have altogether neglected or scouted. The consequence is, that they have amassed a heap of unfavourable verdicts against England and its soldiers, under the shadow of which the great crowning achievement of the war looks poor, insignificant, and obscure. It would be a curious undertaking to point out the small credit with which the most famous campaigns of modern times would have come out of this sort of ordeal. Assuredly, *FREDERICK THE GREAT*, who almost always began a war with a long series of reverses, must have been set aside as a mere incapable. We know, indeed, but one campaign in modern history which would satisfy the exigencies of the English Press—the first expedition of *NAPOLEON BONAPARTE* to the south of the Alps. Given a great military genius in the first flush of his powers, a careless enemy, a new method of tactics, and an army animated with the energy of despair, and you may then, perhaps, have such a war as would content the newspapers—a war with no ebbs and flows, a war with a victory not seldomer than once a fortnight. And yet who knows whether the early campaigns of *NAPOLEON* would have been altogether satisfactory? We can fancy the way in which the *Times* would have come down upon the Directory, and, *tant soit peu*, upon the great General, in respect of the famous address to the army which had conquered in twenty battles without clothes or shoes.

The view which the English public now takes of the war is a view which, like all other nations under similar circumstances, it has learned to take by applying the touchstone of success—a criterion gross enough, it is true, but more accurate than any other known to men. The view which it took, until recently, was one which it learned from a series of lectures delivered by the sort of gentlemen whom *HANNIBAL* refused to let remain with his army. If any one wishes to know what are the results of this description of criticism, in its most brilliant manifestation, let him turn to the military histories of *M. THIERS*. To the reader in his arm-chair, nothing can be clearer, more satisfactory, or more intelligible. Every movement is explained. Every event is assigned to its proper cause. The character of every leading actor is analysed, and the effect produced by every one of his moral and intellectual qualities on the undertaking which he conducted is traced out and described. But does any man in his senses believe it all? Did anybody who ever took part in the scenes depicted find his own recollections tally in the very least with *M. THIERS*'s delineations? Does anybody really suppose that *M. THIERS* actually knows with the most minute exactness why *MASSENA* took this step, and *VICTOR* that, and what *SUCHET* would have done if something had occurred which was expected to happen, but didn't? No sober student of military memoirs—much less any man who ever commanded a brigade—was ever deceived by this pre-

tended omniscience of a clever civilian. Victories may possibly have been won in the manner which M. THIERS describes; but the real soldier is sceptical on the point, because he finds no importance attached to agencies which he knows to be all-powerful in war. Where, in the *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, shall we find it admitted that a triumphant result was achieved because A.'s blunder neutralized B.'s—because C.'s improvidence was compensated by D.'s energy—because recklessness here bred hesitation there—or because dexterous concealment of weakness produced the impression of impregnable strength? But M. THIERS, at any rate, has all the wisdom which is derived from knowledge of the event, and he has had before him all the evidence of actual occurrences which can be gleaned from a multitude of official reports and the statements of a cloud of eye-witnesses. Our critics, on the other hand, have written under singularly mistaken impressions of the duration of the war and of the nature of its result. They have passed judgment on every stage and incident of a conflict concerning which neither the whole truth, nor even a small fraction of the truth, is even now attainable by the public. Looking to the diplomatic relations which are the consequence of our alliances, it may be a score of years before this truth can be known. A counterfeit of knowledge is all that can be now had, and England, in her ignorant impatience, has thrown away her reputation for the sake of indulging in it. Not, indeed, that we would deny the capability of industry and acuteness to pronounce some day, upon a survey of all ascertainable materials, a reliable judgment on the late or any other war. It is not our object to deny the possibility of a good military history, any more than it is our intention to question the value of prudence, sagacity, and energy in the conduct of a campaign. We simply assert that it is flagrant absurdity to consider a series of criticisms, penned hastily by non-military writers on the hasty report of a non-military witness, as weighing a feather in the scale against the great fact that we have succeeded, and more than succeeded, in our contest with Russia. NAPOLEON, who knew a little about strategy, tried, during the Spanish War, the experiment of criticising operations and directing campaigns from his cabinet in the Tuileries. It is now universally allowed that his judgments on the Marshals engaged were sovereignly unjust, and his plans for their guidance idle or impracticable. It is a queer reflection that, till six months ago, the people of England were persuaded they had a few heads to the east of Temple-bar which were wiser than NAPOLEON'S.

INDIA.

THREE years ago, the renewal of the Indian Charter was fully discussed. The assailants of the Company and of the Double Government had every advantage of time and of circumstances. They were denouncing an apparent anomaly to an ill-informed audience; and the actual defects of the alleged system, and the possible benefits of a change—both magnified with unscrupulous exaggeration—were equally available for their purpose. The Government seemed to be wavering—the decision of Parliament was uncertain—and the public press was almost unanimous in support of the Young Indian agitation. On the other side was a minority, consisting chiefly of those who were acquainted with India, and of a still smaller section who had studied history and politics in earnest; but the unpretending advocates of the system which had created our Indian Empire never doubted that their victory was certain. The opponents of the Company were wholly unprovided with a plan, although they were amply furnished with apocryphal anecdotes, with epigrams, and with libels. It was evident that India was already provided with a working Government, and that philanthropic enthusiasm and spite would fail to supply its place; and after long inquiries by Committees of the Lords and Commons, followed by trivial debates in either House, a combination of parties, headed by Mr. BRIGHT and Lord STANLEY, only mustered about one hundred votes against the existing system. The scheme of transferring the Government of India to the English Parliament, already deprecated by all Anglo-Indians, was almost as decidedly repudiated by the House of Commons; and the amendments introduced by the Bill which eventually passed were of secondary importance, and may probably do little harm.

It is unfortunate, however, that the agitation which was checked in 1853 should not have been effectually silenced. The

country is unavoidably ignorant of Eastern affairs, and India is, unhappily, ill represented in Parliament. Sir J. HOGG and Mr. MANGLES have not the ear of the House, and their statements are unattractive to general readers. The malcontents, with the exception of Mr. BRIGHT, are of still smaller calibre; but any declaimer against alleged abuses has a chance of securing popular attention. Although no peer thinks of listening to Lord ALBEMARLE'S ill-informed tirades, newspaper readers are attracted by imputations of malversation, and by descriptions of torture; and a vague belief is perhaps growing up, that the Directors are in some way to blame, because tahsildars, out of sight of their European superiors, may in some cases simplify their labours by a resort to the Indian machinery of the thumbscrew. The marvellous ascendancy which Englishmen have established in India must not be trifled away because it may, from time to time, be found to be still incomplete. Even the competitive system may possibly be so administered as not to deteriorate the traditional character of the civil service; but if the Government of the East is subordinated to the popular clamour and Parliamentary intrigues of the moment, it will wholly lose the respect of the native population. The Indian Empire is sufficiently important to occupy the exclusive attention of those who are concerned in its administration; and while the Directors have necessarily some knowledge of their duties, they have, fortunately, nothing else to think of.

The fitness of the House of Commons for the functions which a few of its members would claim for it is strikingly illustrated by the annual farce of the Indian Budget. Thirty gentlemen, including five or six speechmakers crammed with petty grievances, as well as the official occupants of the Treasury Bench, assemble to hear the report of a Cabinet Minister on the gigantic Empire which he is supposed to control. No one considers any part of the proceeding as serious. A patriotic Englishman would be driven to despair if he thought that the welfare of India was really entrusted to Mr. VERNON SMITH and Mr. DANBY SEYMOUR; but the few who are interested in the subject console themselves with a reflection which was candidly suggested by one of the most bitter antagonists of the Double Government, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords. "It is useless," said Sir ERSKINE PERRY, "to give power to the Board of Control, unless the Court in Leadenhall-street is suppressed. The Directors, from their superior knowledge of India, will always be too strong for the PRESIDENT of the Board." The present Indian Minister will assuredly not form an exception in this respect to the character acquired by many of his predecessors.

In his Budget Speech, Mr. VERNON SMITH seemed anxious to impress upon his scanty audience his perfect sympathy with every prejudice which could be supposed to be popular. His diffuse expressions of regret for the absence of Mr. BRIGHT would have been somewhat more appropriate if they had been uttered on any other occasion. The House of Commons may well lament the compulsory inactivity of one of its most able members, but the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of CONTROL is charged with the administration and defence of the system of which Mr. BRIGHT is the most formidable antagonist. The presence, indeed, of a competent critic might have rendered the conversation less wholly nugatory than it was. The patriotic advocates of the Nawaub of Surat, and of Mr. DYOE SOMBRE'S personal representatives, forgot to notice Mr. VERNON SMITH'S expressed intention to discountenance public works, or his classification of barracks under the head of reproductive expenditure. "Anything," said the Minister, "which conduces to the health and comfort of the troops is consistent with sound economy." Any further proof that buildings which can never return a farthing are reproductive, was neither offered nor demanded. The confusion of thought and language was, in this instance, by no means harmless. A canal, or an anicut, which will produce fifty per cent. in the form of additions to the land revenue, ought to be constructed at the earliest possible period, and, if necessary, with borrowed money; but Mr. VERNON SMITH deprecates the rapid construction of profitable works, because the total outlay on civil and military works has been found a heavy charge on the revenue. There are few persons below the rank of a Cabinet Minister who would identify investment with expenditure. It may be quite right to build barracks when we can afford the cost, but any man or any Government can afford to double or treble capital and revenue.

It may be hoped that Mr. VERNON SMITH was inaccurately

reported in the expression of his hope that iron would shortly be discovered in India. He might as reasonably have uttered a similar anticipation with respect to rice, indigo, or opium. The successful working of iron ores was, many years since, prevented by the combination of the English ironmasters against a rival industry; but the metal itself has been known in India for ages before the institution of the Board of Control.

The mine which agitators have discovered for themselves in the Torture inquiry is undoubtedly more recent. An English Minister could use only one kind of language in denouncing an atrocious abuse; yet it might not be amiss that the Board of Control should know something beyond popular rumour on a subject so immediately connected with its duties. An opportunity might have been taken of showing the entire freedom of the English civil servants from the charge which was established against some of their native agents. Mr. VERNON SMITH knows—or ought to know—that a large portion of the torture-petitions are false, and that many of them are transparent forgeries. There remain sufficient proofs of a practice which must be vigorously suppressed. Yet it is but another remnant of the evils against which the Anglo-Indian Government has been struggling for a century; and it is suicidal folly to impute to ourselves every criminal act or custom of our distant subjects.

In pursuance of his determination to flatter real or supposed prejudices, the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of CONTROL echoes the allegation that the salaries of Indian officials are too high. Now, the income of a civil servant during the first ten years of his career averages 600*l.* During three years of furlough, after attaining the rank of Head-Assistant, he receives 500*l.* per annum. During the remaining twelve years, with average good fortune, he may get 2000*l.* a year; and after twenty-five years of service he may retire on a pension of 500*l.* purchased by himself, with an additional 500*l.* from the Indian revenue. In consideration of these advantages, the civilian has given up all the advantages and enjoyments of English life. His work has been more continuous and severe than that of any functionary in our own permanent service, and his duties have been more important than those of any English official below the rank of a Cabinet Minister. There are many collectors who would be puzzled to make a speech which should last for fifteen minutes; but there are not many who, in the course of a morning's conversation, would fail to convey more information as to the condition of India than the most acute of Mr. VERNON SMITH's nine-and-twenty hearers could have extracted from his official statement.

The Indian Civil Service is probably far from perfect, but it is, beyond comparison, the most efficient branch of the permanent administration throughout the British Empire. Its maintenance and improvement are incomparably more important than the adjustment of the relations between the Board of Control and the Court of Directors. It is through a few Englishmen that this country is justified in attempting to govern India, and is enabled, in a great degree, to succeed in the undertaking. Sciolists and declaimers, who deny the superiority of the foreign rulers of the East, ought, in consistency, to renounce claims to authority which, according to their own view, are mere usurpation. If India would be best governed by natives, let them govern it without interference. The withdrawal of the only officials who neither lie, nor peculate, nor receive bribes, will leave a fair field for the revival of an experiment which had been tried with indifferent success for two or three thousand years, down to the middle of the last century.

The highest praise which can be given to Mr. VERNON SMITH's speech is that it was less frivolous than the discussion which followed it. One of the twenty-nine legislators demanded justice for the Rajah of Coorg—a potentate who, twenty or thirty years since, got rid of his family by a general massacre. Another Young Indian complained that the Court of Directors had, in discharge of a duty neglected by the Board of Control, saved Parliament from the discredit of voting away fifteen thousand a-year from the Indian revenue to the so-called Nawaub of Surat. It is scarcely to be regretted that the House of Commons should confess its inability to govern India; but as long as the PRESIDENT of the BOARD is required to bring forward an annual statement of the affairs of his department, it is desirable that his speech should be sufficiently grave and instructive to secure the attendance and attract the interest of serious and influential politicians.

GRACCHUS AGAINST SEDITION.

A VERDICT has lately been given, and damages awarded, in a Scotch libel case—*M'LAREN v. the Proprietor of the Scotsman newspaper*—which is calculated to revolutionize the literature of political journalism. On ourselves—assuming the Scotch to be identical with the English law—its effects have been practical and impressive. We have lost no time in ordering in a large quantity of soothing and demulcent drinks, a bundle of the most delicate crow quills, and a gallon of rose-water ink, from the composition of which galls and all astringent and stimulating ingredients have been carefully excluded. Glorious JOHN used only to write under the genial influence of a brisk cathartic, and BYRON's Hippocrene was gin-and-water; but, for political writers, water-gruel and milk diet must henceforth be the approved fountains of inspiration. The use of epithets is interdicted to the polite journalist, and, safely to defy the terrors of the law of libel, one must, for the future, keep to the panada style of controversy. Edinburgh is becoming the head-quarters of kid-glovely and cambric shirts; and the city which produced WILSON and JEFFREY, *Blackwood* and the *Review*, BROUGHAM and LOCKHART, and all that we remember of its full-bodied style of polemics, political and literary, has just proscribed strong language. If a spade is no longer to be called a spade, we suppose an ass must no longer be called an ass; but we recognise the undoubted presence of what used to be considered the essentials of asininity in the jury who have just mulcted the proprietors of the *Scotsman* in 400*l.* damages for a libel on the ex-provost, M'LAREN.

We write with this redoubtable verdict before our eyes, and therefore with faltering pen. A stumbling gait and stammering lips are inseparable from the halt and maimed. A politician in shackles cannot write glibly either in Paris or in Great Britain. Freedom of style can only co-exist with freedom of the press. We cannot afford to be brilliant. If we are dull, like SCRIBLERUS, we have a reason for it—and the reason is, that force and argument do not pay. One of old could not argue with the master of ten legions; and we decline controversy with those who can mulct us to the tune of 400*l.*, if we happen to defeat them in logic or to beat them in wit. Cannon-shots are said to be the last arguments of kings; and a court of law is a tower of strength on which, if a political opponent entrenches himself in it, we decline to venture an assault. On the whole, we are thankful for the mercies we have received. We have had many and great escapes. As we come to review our past career, how many are the controversies, political, literary, and artistic, in which we have engaged, which might have been concluded by a reference to the Courts at Westminster! Mr. DISRAELI, Lord PALMERSTON, Our Own Correspondent, Dr. CUMMING, Baron MAROCHETTI, and the authors of novels, poems, histories, and scientific books innumerable—all have been saluted by us in much the same sort of language for which the *Scotsman* has been trounced.

What is the *Scotsman's* offence? It appears that, at a recent election for the city of Edinburgh, that journal warmly espoused the cause of Mr. BLACK, while Mr. M'LAREN was a strong supporter of Mr. BROWN DOUGLAS—Mr. M'LAREN himself having once been a candidate for the representation, and, like Mr. BLACK, having filled the office of Lord Provost. Feeling and language ran high, as they often do at a contested election; and the so-called libel against Mr. M'LAREN, the ex-Provost and ex-candidate, consisted of censures upon his public speeches and electioneering proceedings during the contest between Messrs. BLACK and DOUGLAS. The *Scotsman* called attention to the fact that Mr. M'LAREN, now the friend and patron of Mr. DOUGLAS, had, at a former election—when he, Mr. M'LAREN, was chief magistrate of the city—actually denounced this very Mr. DOUGLAS as a calumniator; and our contemporary proceeded, both in prose and verse, to advert to the circumstance that, on that occasion, Mr. M'LAREN had been termed a “snake” by one of the principal persons with whom, at the recent election, he united himself. This term “snake,” the *Scotsman*, we believe, varied, after the fashion of the Gradus, by supplying its synonyms of viper and reptile, and alluding to the early chapters of Genesis. Further, our northern contemporary proceeded to stigmatize a public and electioneering speech of Mr. M'LAREN as “cold-blooded”—a characteristic, we believe, of the snake—and “heartless” (which physiologically is incorrect), adding that his conduct as chairman of a meeting was one-sided, insolent, and calculated, if

audiences conducted themselves equally ill, to turn public meetings into scenes of uproar and ruffianism.

In its attempt to justify these criticisms the *Scotsman* failed to satisfy the jury. It proved, indeed, that Mr. M'LAREN, both in his political and municipal character, was rather fond than otherwise of strife, contention, and strong language. Not only, when Provost, had he, as aforesaid, denounced Mr. DOUGLAS as a calumniator, but he had, on the same occasion, saluted his predecessor in the chief magistracy as a betrayer and slanderer. As to the term "Snake," the *Scotsman* produced witnesses to show that this odd name had been given to Mr. M'LAREN several years ago—that it was first applied to him by Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON—that he was familiarly known by it—that it was rather a good-humoured appellative than otherwise—and that Mr. M'LAREN answered to it as a matter of course. Again, with reference to its comments on Mr. M'LAREN's speech, our contemporary produced the testimony of respectable burghers under oath, who said that, in their judgment, the defendant's view of Mr. M'LAREN's conduct as chairman was correct. In vain—both on the snake and speech question, the judge and jury were against the newspaper. The Lord Justice Clerk ruled that to use a nickname jocularly, or to allude to the authorship of it, however familiar and recognised, is not only libellous, but more libellous than to have invented it; while, on the chairmanship question, as certain respectable citizens were found to say that they did not concur in the *Scotsman's* view of Mr. M'LAREN's conduct, it was decided that a journalist can be convicted of a libel if a public man can bring forward private political friends to testify that they do not concur in the journalist's opinion of his public conduct. In other words, no remarks are to be made on the public proceedings of any man during an election, if he can bring into the witness-box friends who say they do not concur in those remarks, although friends of the other party testify that they do concur in them. All this is odd, and it may provoke the suspicion that Edinburgh juries are not above the weaknesses of humanity—that when they catch a political or religious antagonist tripping, they do not forget old scores—and that, in estimating the *Scotsman's* offences against Mr. M'LAREN, they remember the liberal but unpopular line which that journal has taken in resisting the prevailing puritanical intolerance and superstition connected with the public-house and Sabbath questions.

It is said that the verdict and damages have caused "a sensation," at which we are not surprised. The so-called libel did not consist, nor was it alleged to consist, in any attack upon Mr. M'LAREN's private, or moral, or commercial, or religious character. On the contrary, Mr. M'LAREN's private virtues were not only especially exempted from censure, but were especially acknowledged. All that the libel consisted of was, remarks and censures on Mr. M'LAREN's public conduct and public speeches during a contested election, especially as compared with the course he had taken at preceding elections. This sort of thing used to be considered a fair subject for plain-spoken comment—at any rate, in Liberal quarters it was always so regarded, and Mr. M'LAREN still claims to represent very liberal opinions. But liberality which makes free with Mr. M'LAREN he cannot stand. Living in a glass house, he has a wholesome dread of stones. Having indulged all his life in the habitual use of strong language, he knows the value of the article, and wants a monopoly of it. He wishes to keep all the barking and mouthing to himself—no dog is to wag his tongue against M'LAREN. For a man who has spent half his life in committee-rooms, on hustings, in contested elections, and in the strife of public meetings and rival candidatures, to complain of being called "a snake"—to come whining to a court of justice because a newspaper hinted that he was a renegade and a turncoat, and had deserted his old political friends, and to get a verdict of 400*l.* damages—is certainly a new thing in the political world. If this precedent is to be followed, some of the lustre of our brilliant political writers will be sadly dimmed, and their pens unpleasantly blunted. Here, for example, is the *Press*—it exists upon the solitary joke of stigmatising the Premier as "Pam." Certainly it is more offensive and more libellous to call a man—especially a PRIME MINISTER—a knave, and above all, the knave of clubs, than to class him among the *viperidae*. What did the Protectionist press, together with Mr. DISRAELI, for years subsist upon, but the single assertion that Sir ROBERT PEEL "deserted his principles, traduced his friends, acted only for his own purposes, and gratified his own malignities?" And yet this, we are judicially told, "was

a most serious and vituperative attack on Mr. M'LAREN's character and conduct."

This piece of polemical criticism has cost the *Scotsman* four hundred pounds English. Why, there is not an election—scarcely "an animated debate" in Parliament—in which words and epithets, denunciations and criticisms, ten times as strong, are not cheerfully and manfully passed about from side to side. How often has Mr. DISRAELI been charged with spite and rancour, and venom and malignity! How often have the terms renegade, and apostate, and turncoat been bandied about! GLADSTONE and GRAHAM, and PALMERSTON and DERBY—Peers and Bishops, laymen and clerics—who of our public men in turn has not been saluted with this, and even less savoury language? Has any one of them ever complained, or prosecuted the newspapers? Have they not, one and all, with equal good sense and good feeling, admitted the necessity of the case? Playing at bowls, every public man makes up his mind to an occasional broken shin. We all give and take in these matters. If a man cannot stand strong language, his place is not in a contested election and in the thick of the fray of town-councils. Certainly invective is an ugly tool. Satire has its disagreeables for those against whom it is pointed. Squibs have a bad smell, as well as an irritating effect on the nerves. We make allowance for the constitutions, mental and moral, which cannot stand these things—which look upon hard-hitting as a breach of charity, and consider a personal joke a violation of the law of Christian love. No doubt such persons have much to say for themselves, and much with which to reproach the carnal weapons of political warfare when measured by their high standard. But then such folks should live out of this naughty, coarse-mannered, evil-tongued, bad-spirited world. Above all, they must eschew politics—avoid the committee-room, with all its envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness—banish themselves from the hustings and all its personalities—live in peace with mankind—and never venture upon subjects more exciting and controversial than the prospects of the weather and the state of their neighbour's larder. To this placid and unexasperating method of life Mr. M'LAREN has certainly not confined himself. On the contrary, he has pursued another path of social duty with singular spirit, force, and freedom of tongue. He has chosen his line; and in the case of any other person who had taken Mr. M'LAREN's past course through all the controversies of Edinburgh politics, we should be disposed to say that his appearance as plaintiff in a libel case of this sort was of itself proof enough that he had not been libelled.

GENERAL WALKER.

IN the absence of more pressing subjects of foreign or domestic interest, General WALKER's career in Central America may perhaps, from time to time, arrest attention. Only two or three months have passed since Mr. MARCY, by direction of the PRESIDENT, recognised the Government of RIVAS in an argumentative and pompous despatch. The greater part of that manifesto, with a view to the then impending Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, was devoted to gratuitous attacks upon England. The wolf was, as usual, at no loss to explain how the lamb had muddled the water. It appeared that the presence of the filibusters might never have been needed in Central America if the English Government had not protected the Mosquitos, and turned San Juan into Greytown. By some mysterious process, these British encroachments placed the affairs of the Central American Republics in the hands of certain persons who were called Serviles by their opponents. It followed that the oppressed democrats were compelled to invite the assistance of WALKER; and afterwards, the election of RIVAS sanctioned the victory achieved by American arms. After a spirited preamble to this effect, addressed to the Bunkum of Cincinnati, Mr. MARCY remarked—not without justice—that a *de facto* Government of natives seemed entitled to formal recognition. The employment of foreign mercenaries is not inconsistent with international law; nor was the President of the UNITED STATES bound to take notice that RIVAS was a puppet in the hands of the American soldiery.

The SECRETARY OF STATE will perhaps find it convenient to devolve upon his successor the task of recognising the present Government of Nicaragua. By the latest accounts from that happy country, it appears that RIVAS and his friends have in turn proved traitors to the cause of WALKER.

and Liberty. One individual of Spanish name, having refused to share the flight of his countrymen, has been appointed by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to the office of provisional PRESIDENT; but, with this exception, the whole native population of Nicaragua, in concert with the Governments of the surrounding States, are now avowedly hostile to the filibusters. By the treaty of 1850, the American Government is pledged to abstain from countenancing the occupation, by its citizens, of any part of the Central American territory; and Mr. PIERCE or Mr. BUCHANAN will therefore find an opportunity for the exercise of ingenuity in devising a justification for the encouragement which they will probably afford to WALKER.

England has, fortunately, no motive for interfering between the invaders and their victims. For many years past, the native Governments of Nicaragua have, under American influence, affected, or felt, hostility to the supposed policy of the English Government. General WALKER, if he succeeds in establishing himself, will probably be more rational and manageable than his semi-barbarous predecessors; but if, on the other hand, he succumbs to numbers or to the climate, he will have effectually destroyed all sympathy between the race which he represents and the inhabitants of the country which he is attempting to subdue. In the possible event of his success, it is by no means certain that the filibustering chief will seek to affiliate himself to the great federation of the North. He has been lately employed in causing himself to be elected, by universal suffrage, President of Nicaragua; but it is scarcely probable that he intends to submit to periodical vacancies of office. Under present circumstances, it must be quite unnecessary to import the patent Californian ballot-box, with its slides and secret drawers. The unanimous election of the PRESIDENT will be perfectly consistent with the unanimous hostility of the native population to his usurpation of power; but, whatever may be the republican forms of his elevation, he will probably hold his conquests for himself. The constitution of the United States is altogether inapplicable to the condition of a conquering minority, surrounded by an inferior race of unwilling subjects.

One measure of the new Nicaraguan Government is in a high degree amusing to those who are not affected by its provisions. English capitalists, generally too prone to risk their funds in precarious undertakings, have been accused of want of enterprise because they declined to share in the Nicaraguan Transit Company, which consequently consists of American citizens. It is not unlikely that the Company may have possessed the only available capital within reach; and accordingly, General WALKER has seized their whole property, in discharge of an alleged debt to the Government of the State. A balance-sheet has been drawn up, in which the Transit Company is credited with the proceeds of the confiscation, valued at 160,000 dollars. It is satisfactory to find that the concern is further indebted to General WALKER in the sum of more than 200,000. It is not difficult to appreciate the future prospects of the undertaking under the dominion of the filibusters. *Suave mari magno*—there is a melancholy satisfaction in contemplating from the shore the dealings of the smartest politicians in the world with speculators of their own country only less smart than themselves.

Mr. MARCY and his successors will find a difficulty in making the conduct of their more adventurous countrymen square with the maxims of their favourite VATTEL. The popular doctrine of manifest destiny is, beyond comparison, more elastic, and, when expressed in simpler language, it is not altogether inconsistent with historical precedent. The magniloquent journalists and orators of the Union have given WALKER the title of "the grey-eyed man of destiny." His destiny is yet uncertain, and the colour of his eyes seems to be immaterial; but there is no necessity for regarding his enterprise with alarm or astonishment. English adventurers have made similar attempts on an immeasurably greater scale, and with complete success. The Indian Empire grew up from alliances with native factions, followed by the punishment and degradation of unfaithful confederates. If RIVAS had been a Rajah or Nawaub, his rise and fall would have sounded like a passage in a history neither unfamiliar nor remote. The Serviles, or national party of Central America, have a right to resist, if they can, the oppression to which they are subjected by their foreign invaders. The Democrats are in the position of the horse in the fable, who invited the man to mount him on the occasion of his feud with the stag; and the rider is fully entitled to use curb, and

whip, and spur, as long as he can retain his seat. It is not desirable to demoralize the English language by the introduction of sonorous phrases to decorate questionable proceedings; but the manifest destiny which leads to conquest and foreign supremacy is not altogether unknown to our national history. The servile or rebellious princes of India have long since been suppressed, and those among their successors who remain have only a choice between obedience and dismissal.

The practical inference to be drawn by the English Government from the present condition of Nicaragua and of the neighbouring States is confined to the expediency of terminating, without delay, the discussions arising out of the Convention of 1850. It is not desirable to have open questions to settle with a possible Government of doubtful title, which can only acquire respectability with time. The filibusters may possibly have an interest in provoking the hostility of England, for the purpose of involving the United States in their quarrel. If they succeed in establishing their dominion, they will inherit the pretensions of the Governments which they supersede, but they will also inherit their obligations. England is entitled and bound to insist on a free passage between the Atlantic and Pacific. There is no ground for putting forward any territorial claims, and the time has happily gone by for forcing commercial intercourse by wars and treaties. If industry ever finds a home in Central America, it will naturally bring a large share of its supply and demand to English markets. The worst trade which can be carried on in those regions is that of petty diplomacy. The archives of the Foreign Office may bury with advantage, in their most unapproachable recesses, the complaints of English consuls and agents against their not less active colleagues from the States. From Honduras to Guatemala, no event can occur which would be worth an American war.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wise judgment of the Chelsea Board of General Officers, no one, we presume, doubts that we lost half an army in the Crimea because those to whose care it was committed did not know how to handle it, or how to provide for its wants. Our military system failed to produce men prepared for such an emergency; and, what is perhaps more striking still, it did produce generals of long experience to whom the catastrophe seemed altogether a matter of course. The country is by no means disposed to dwell upon the past, and it shows a very good-natured disposition to admit that the officers whose failures were most conspicuous did as much as could be expected from the talents which nature had bestowed on them, or from the training which they had received at the hands of the State. But, if the past is to be forgotten, the future must not be neglected. By bitter experience, we have learned that the great defect of our army is the ignorance and inaptitude of a large proportion of its officers, and pre-eminently of those who hold the highest appointments. There are not two opinions as the primary cause of the disasters which clouded the brilliant achievements of our troops. Some may lay the chief stress on that anomalous method of selecting officers for the most arduous duties which distinguishes the British army from every other in Europe—others may be disposed to ascribe the calamities of the Crimean campaign to the want of systematic training and practice, without which officers of the greatest natural ability could scarcely fail to break down. All, however, are agreed that a competent and well-trained staff of scientific officers would have been able to avert nearly all the misery which our brave soldiers had to endure, and to double the efficiency of our army in the field. Nor does any one doubt that English officers, as a body, in physical and intellectual power, and in natural temperament, are at least equal to any that Europe can produce. Educate them rightly, select the most capable men for the most responsible posts, and our army would no longer find itself disorganized when called upon to face the difficulties of an unexpected war. The one great lesson which the war has taught us is, that we must have an efficient system of military instruction, and that promotion, especially to positions on the staff, must be made conditional on the proof of competent knowledge and ability.

Ministers, when urged upon the subject, have admitted without hesitation the necessity of military reform; but we are understating the case when we say that they have done nothing since the peace to improve the education of the

army. It is true that a large body of men is massed together at Aldershot, where they have the opportunity of learning the manœuvres of an army as distinguished from the exercise of a regiment. It is also true that the education of the private soldier, not only by direct instruction, but by the more valuable aid of regimental libraries, has been of late years cared for to an extent which would have been thought ridiculous in the days of the Peninsular campaigns. We are far from undervaluing these improvements, but we cannot accept them as in any way meeting the necessities or remedying the evils which have been indicated by the experience of the late war. In fact, they were introduced, through the foresight of Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, before the war was thought of. They formed a part, and only a part, of the comprehensive scheme of military training which he had prepared. It might fairly have been expected that the lessons of the war, and the opportunity afforded by the conclusion of peace, would have led the Government to carry out, if they could not develop and extend, the plan which had been devised by the late SECRETARY-AT-WAR. But, instead of enlarging and improving, they have been content to mutilate it; and, after all that has passed, they have deliberately abandoned the very feature of Mr. HERBERT's reform which the subsequent experience of actual hostilities has shown to be the most essential.

It will be remembered that Mr. HERBERT, when Secretary-at-War, introduced into the Estimates a vote for the education and instruction of the officers of the army, and that, as early as 1854, he had matured a scheme for the regular training and testing of staff and regimental officers, which, but for the war, would probably have been at this moment in actual operation. About two months ago, this project was once more brought by its originator before the House of Commons, in a speech which we hoped would have forced the Government to immediate action. But Lord PALMERSTON was content to receive with commendation, and Mr. PEEL with idle cavils, counsel which they knew to be wise, but which they shrunk from the trouble of adopting; and the session has been allowed to expire without any renewal of the vote for Military Education, or any single step in furtherance of a reform which is acknowledged by Ministers themselves to be the great desideratum of our army.

We are glad to observe that Mr. HERBERT has not allowed a matter of so much importance to drop, and that by publishing his speech, in the form of a pamphlet, he has afforded to all who are interested in the improvement of our military system the means of studying the machinery by which he proposes to secure its efficiency in future. We need not enter at any length into the details of his plan, which we discussed on a former occasion. It will be enough for the present to remind our readers that it provided opportunities of professional study for officers both on home and foreign stations, while it required every candidate for a commission to show that he had received the usual school education of a gentleman. It further secured the efficiency of the army by applying the test of examination at each step of promotion up to the rank of captain, and by requiring a prolonged course of theoretical and practical training, with a certificate of proficiency, in every arm of the service, as the indispensable condition of a staff appointment. It is too late to regret that the war occurred just in time to stay the execution of a project which, in a few years, would have given to our army the intelligent organization which was its only want. But we are warned now by the fatal results of former neglect, and the country has at length learned to comprehend a necessity which, before the Crimean expedition, had only suggested itself to experienced statesmen.

The moment, however, when all eyes are opened to the importance of the subject is precisely that which Ministers have selected for the commencement of a retrograde course. They have not only done nothing, but they have declined to ask from the House of Commons the funds which would willingly have been granted for the object in question. They do not pretend to regard the suggested machinery as impracticable, or to have any better scheme of their own under consideration. They allow that the plan is a good plan, and, without another word of explanation, they neglect to adopt it. It is not to be endured, however, that the favouritism which has sacrificed one army by the appointment of an incapable and uninstructed staff should be allowed any longer to prevail. In some form or other, a system of instruction and examination for officers must be established, if we are ever to have our soldiers commanded as their gallantry de-

serves. We do not believe that, for many years to come, either the glories or the disasters of the Crimean campaign will be forgotten; but it is not in the nature of things that the enthusiasm with which the army is now justly regarded by the nation should retain all its warmth after war shall have become a memory of the distant past. The present, therefore, is the time for military reform; and if Lord PALMERSTON is sincere in his professions of devotion to the cause, he will beware how he lets slip so favourable an opportunity for extending and improving our military organization. After a time, some other topic may engross attention—people may again grow used to the old routine—and then professional opposition will be sure to triumph over any scheme of compulsory education which Ministers may venture to put forward, without the aid of the eager popular sympathy which they can now command.

If the Government mean to provide for the education of officers, common sense must tell them that they ought to set about the work at once. If, on the other hand, they are resolved to evade the task, they will not only disappoint the just expectations of the country, but they will incur a fearful responsibility, should another war be attended by disasters like those which marked the fatal Crimean winter.

HOW TO GET RICH.

IT is not often that a number of the *Times* appears without an advertisement from some charlatan who promises, in return for thirteen postage-stamps, to communicate an infallible plan for making a fortune. It is perhaps rather sharp practice on the part of the "Leading Journal" to enter into competition with the gentlemen who pay for the privilege of having their tempting offers published to the world in its advertising columns. But the good of the community must be considered by such an institution as the *Times* before the privileges and monopolies of private speculators; and accordingly our contemporary, after purchasing thirteen-pennyworth of inspiration from one of the most knowing of the fortune-dealers, has driven the poor fellow out of the market by pirating his scheme, and printing it in a leading article as its own advice to the ambitious youth of Britain. No one, of course, will now give his roll of stamps for a piece of information which has been bestowed gratis on the world, and which, to tell the truth, is hardly worth the very trifling price which its original inventor charged.

We do not pretend to furnish documentary proof of the transaction by which the "organ" of the country contrived to outwit the needy fortune-monger; but this is the less necessary, as the internal evidence of the article in which the plan is propounded is quite sufficient to remove all doubt as to the source from which it was derived. By a careful study of the style of decoration employed by the *Times* on long-vacation subjects, and an extensive examination of the brief oracles of the thirteenpenny sages, we have been able, we believe, accurately to analyse the article to which we refer, and to apportion to its joint authors their respective shares in the composition; and we proceed to give our readers the result of the investigation. The responses which the advertising dispensers of fortune return to those who consult them are mostly of a short and pithy kind. Sometimes you are told always to keep 5*l.* in your pocket. Another favourite recommendation is, to get an income of 500*l.* a year, and live on half of it. Occasionally the advice is more definite, and the aspirant is informed that he may make his way to wealth by procuring an appointment as Local Secretary—or, if he is very ambitious, as Governor—of one of our numerous colonies. The *Times* was fortunate enough to hit upon the last response, and straightway proceeded to work it up, after its own fashion, into a leader, seemingly intended to start all the eager youths in the country in the race for colonial honours.

The most remarkable feature of the article is the skill with which it veils the weak point of the oracular counsel. The advice, of course, is excellent, were it not for a trifling difficulty in acting upon it; and the art of the *Times* is admirably displayed in clouding, with many words, the real hindrances to the course which it recommends. Our contemporary begins in the usual strain of philosophic reflection, and marvels that, in a land renowned for its skill in politics, a Government career should so seldom be held out as an incentive to schoolboy exertions. The professions, we are told, are overstocked, and trade is a low pursuit for lofty minds; yet the Englishman is content to be governed by a clique, and never dreams of competing for the privileges and

rewards of official life. This rather lugubrious prologue introduces the "great fact" of the article. Already there are symptoms of a change. The community at large seconds the aspirations of the highly-endowed body of men who, with the consciousness of no mean powers of mind, indulge the praiseworthy ambition of winning the wealth, the position, and the influence of official life. Lest the promptings of interest should not suffice, the call of duty is added; and we are solemnly informed, on the authority of the *Times* itself, that the country must and will be governed, not only for but by the public. The obstacles in the way of the ambitious candidate for the service of his country are touched upon with a masterly obscurity. The Government service is, or will be, completely opened—the victory is half won—and neither the clerks nor the public will long suffer official chiefs to monopolize the glory which rightfully belongs to their obscure subordinates. Hitherto there has been no patriotism or judgment shown in the distribution of the highest patronage; but a new æra has commenced, and it is darkly hinted that the education of the Colonial Office, as it must necessarily produce the fittest Colonial Governors, cannot fail to lead to the bestowal of those comfortable posts on the superior men who are now admitted to the public service after passing the ordeal of a severe examination. In short, the substance of the article is an invitation to all who can pass the "severe examination" of the Civil Service Commissioners—in other words, to all who can spell English and add up a column of figures—to enter the lists with the full persuasion that their exalted merit will one day be adorned by the quasi-regal honours which the Colonial representatives of Majesty enjoy.

It is impossible not to recognise the identity of this advice with the more laconic text from which it has doubtless been spun out. The glorious career of the humble clerk is so beautifully shadowed forth that it seems almost a pity to dispel the pleasing illusion. But, unfortunately, there are, especially among the very young and the very sanguine, heads which may easily be turned by any nonsense which the "leading journal" chooses to indorse; and though the *Times* had probably no worse design than to fill up, with readable matter, a column which the prorogation of Parliament had left blank, it is quite possible that it may entail a dreary career of bitter disappointment on lads who are weak enough to accept its oracles for gospel. There are few things so much to be deprecated as the thirst for public employment which is so rife in many Continental states, and from which England has hitherto been comparatively free. Men may dream of a system under which the greatest geniuses of the land shall compete for a clerkship of 80*l.* a-year, and the successful candidate shall go on rapidly from step to step, until his own unaided merit places him in the possession of political power and official wealth; but it is wanton cruelty to persuade foolish boys that such wild hopes are likely to be realised. As yet, the system neither does exist nor is likely to exist; and we are not at all sure that it would be beneficial if it did. Only the *Times* could have the audacity to refer to the examinations at Dean's Yard as an indication of such a future. All that they do at present, is to secure the public service from the intrusion of men of remarkable stupidity and remarkable ignorance. Neither the character of the examination, nor the standard of proficiency required, is at all higher than is absolutely necessary to obtain good serviceable clerks. The better man, no doubt, takes precedence, as he should do, of the worse; but it is the most utter absurdity to suppose that any such test proves the fitness of those who pass it, even with the greatest distinction, for offices of political importance, or that it will ever be recognised as conferring a title to such appointments. High political offices are comparatively few, and the men to fill them will, even under the purest administration, be selected from those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy the opportunity of displaying the qualities which such positions demand. It can only be by occasional good luck that a clerk in a public office can find such an opportunity; and if we assume the entire exclusion of favour in public patronage—a result which we are not sanguine enough to look for yet—the Government clerk must, as a rule with very rare exceptions, remain a mere clerk to the end of his career, toiling at a scanty salary till his strength is gone, and at length retiring on a meagre and hardly-earned allowance.

The public service may be as good a career as any for a man of moderate desires and average powers, but there is no path through life which affords less scope for brilliant talents,

or offers less inducement to restless ambition. Silly boys who may be taken with the showy exaggeration of the *Times* should remember that its gratuitous advice is meant to be read, and not to be followed.

INFANTICIDE.

LAST week we had occasion to express somewhat unpopular, or, at any rate, unusual opinions about "the victims of seduction;" and we took the liberty of totally dissenting from the sentimental view of the subject. The fact unfortunately is, in too many instances, that young people "keep company" on the understanding that marriage is to be postponed till it becomes necessary. The girl generally selects this view of life as a safe investment, and makes up her mind to all chances. The road to matrimony, in too many rural districts, lies through ante-nuptial incontinence. In the farmer class, the girl, if the man repents of his bargain, has the action for seduction and breach of promise to fall back upon—in the labouring classes, it seems to be the rule that infanticide should clear off the score. We say "the rule," because, judging from the newspaper reports, the thing has grown into the compactness and order of a recognised system. This is its usual course—an extremely simple one. The young people keep company, and the natural consequences follow. Marriage is postponed or refused. The girl conceals her sin, sometimes from modesty, but—in many cases, at least—for another purpose. In the latter contingency, she has made up her mind to the emergency. She hides her shame, not because it is a shame, for it is the custom of the country, but because she has already begun to contemplate the murder of her child. She goes about her daily work—she suppresses every natural emotion—she becomes a mother without a single shriek; and after depositing her "birth-strangled babe" in the nearest dunghill or well, or concealing it under the mattress, she goes about her work as if nothing had happened. Very often, her employers, and even the occupants of the same room, have not been aware that a deed worse than MEDEA's has been done in their very presence. Now, we are asked to believe that all this is not murder; for juries will not convict girls of any crime under these circumstances. Medical men also "take the merciful view." They pretend to entertain very grave doubts. It is so possible that the child was not born alive—a labour in the dark is so very dangerous—a woman is so likely to cut the child's throat instead of performing another operation incidental to the case—in delivering herself she may so easily twist the child's neck. Indeed, though a child is found drowned, and the mother is proved to have been at the pond, and her child is certainly gone, yet the deceased child and the prisoner's child are not absolutely identified. This is the medical evidence—that is, the evidence of the general practitioner, whose business lies in the villages where these cases occur, and who is not likely to be very desirous of getting the character of a hard man in his neighbourhood. Juries, and too often judges, acquiesce in all this; and the consequence is, that a conviction for infanticide is all but impossible. Such excuses as those which we have strung together will be found "in evidence"—most of them no further back than during the present assizes. They are so familiar that most of our readers will recognise them at the first glance. One may usually anticipate both the facts and defence of an infanticide case with as much certainty as Mr. PEACOCK can trace a post office robbery. Turning to the recent assize reports, we find the following fearful cases of unpunished infanticides:—

July 14.—M. A. JONES, at Aylesbury, is convicted only of manslaughter, in consequence of the suggestion that perhaps, when dosing her infant to death with laudanum, she merely meant to administer a sleeping potion. Chief Justice CAMPBELL, with his usual floods of emotion, sentences the woman to one month's imprisonment.

July 16.—The BARRATTS, at Aspley Guise, are convicted of having starved a step-daughter to death, under circumstances of especial atrocity. The reluctant jury, though finding the parties guilty, recommend them to mercy.

July 26.—HANNAH ADAMS, a married woman, most seriously wounds her infant of three months old with a carving-knife. She acknowledged that she had meditated the act for a fortnight. The case is ruled to be one of morbid action of the brain (Justice ERLE concurring). *Not Guilty.*

July 30.—At Hereford, ELIZA DAVIES's illegitimate child is found dead in a well. The surgeon is of opinion that the

child might have died without drowning (Justice WIGHTMAN quite agreeing). *Not Guilty.*

August 1.—At Calstock, in a case against M. A. ROBERTS, in which the medical evidence was very plain, a similar verdict is returned. On the same day, SARAH HARRIS, at Birmingham, and CATHARINE MURPHY, at a place near Birmingham, are also acquitted on charges of child-murder. In the latter case, the child's throat was burnt out with *aqua fortis*. Even PATRICK KING, the clergyman, whose case was pretty clear, was acquitted of the capital offence.

In short, it seems to be the safer course to murder a child of whom it is wished to get rid. Only kill an infant outright, and you are tolerably sure to be acquitted—beat and starve it, and perhaps you may get a long imprisonment. Infanticide is a better investment than ill-treatment; for we find, July 17, the case of one EMPSALL, who, for maltreating an illegitimate child, is, with an immense rush of indignation, sentenced to three years' hard labour by Baron BRAMWELL.

But the crowning case is that of a child murdered at Truro. This seems to have attracted both attention and indignation. The victim was the illegitimate child of a woman named MATTHEWS. By the clearest evidence it was proved that one JOSE, the father, himself a married man, murdered the infant a few minutes after its birth, in the presence of the mother. JOSE holds his fingers down the infant's throat for five minutes, in the hope of suffocating it; and at last he fetches a jug of water, pours it into an open pan or pail, and holds the child's head in it till it is dead, just as he might have drowned a kitten. Here the precious jury, after consulting the judge, who himself consulted a learned brother, bring in—with the judge's permission, though evidently with his utter disapproval—a verdict of manslaughter.

If this was not murder, then murder is impossible. Either JOSE was entirely innocent—that is, the evidence was false—or he was a murderer, as much as THURTELL, or RUSH, or PALMER. A verdict of manslaughter would not have been a greater insult to truth, or a grosser wrong to justice, in either of those cases, than in this Truro affair. JOSE might as well have been found guilty of burglary as of manslaughter. Manslaughter, as distinguished from murder, consists in its being committed under a violent and unpremeditated impulse, or where the intention was only to harm, but not to kill, as in a fray, or the like. The essence of murder is its voluntary and wilful character. According to this Cornwall jury, to persist in an attempt to strangle for five minutes, and, failing this, deliberately to place water in a pail, and hold the infant's head in it till life is extinct, does not prove deliberation and wilfulness. We do not, of course, impugn the law of the learned JUDGE and the learned SERJEANT who affirmed the legal right of the jury, under these circumstances, to bring in a verdict of manslaughter; but we do say that if this is trial by jury, its blessings are dearly purchased by such an infamous violation and defiance of moral right. The Bodmin jury had sworn to bring in a true verdict; but their verdict is not true. Manslaughter was not committed—murder was committed, or the evidence was not to be believed. They did believe the evidence, and yet they brought in a verdict directly contrary to it. They might just as well have found a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Perhaps, however, good will come of this great abuse. The moral sense of the community must surely be roused by it. Either we must sink into the horrid apathy of *nec vitia nec remedia pati possumus*, or we must compel a remedy, however violent. Infanticide must either be recognised as the custom of the country, or it must be stopped. The matter culminates in this Truro case. For the future, we must be content to copy the morals of China and Owhyhee, or Christian England—as, by a pretentious ostentation, this country loves to style itself—must turn over a new leaf. There can be no question that the increase of infanticide is owing to the immunity which the crime receives at the hands of juries and the guardians of justice. A few years ago, at Dorchester, on this very Western Circuit, common cause in favour of an infanticide mother was made by the country girls. They attended the trial in large numbers; and, on the acquittal of the prisoner, a general demonstration of applause took place in Court, and the girls left the town boasting that “now they might do what they liked.” The ill-judged mercy extended to CELESTINA SUMNER is bearing its fruit, in a series of verdicts prompted by the identical motive which seems to have influenced the HOME SECRETARY in the case of the Islington murderess. If it is seriously intended

never to hang a woman again, let this be announced. We shall deplore and resist such a consummation; but this were better than to allow the present aspect of society towards infanticide to continue. As things are, criminal trials are becoming a social nuisance; and unless juries will firmly and honestly do their duty, our whole criminal jurisprudence must be remodelled. If, as in DOVE's case, a jury has a right to say that defective intellect is an abatement of guilt, or if, as in JOSE's case, it is entitled to alter the legal character of a crime, it usurps the judicial function, and in fact pronounces the sentence. The jury's province is to decide on the fact, not to award the sentence. The only thought present to the minds of many juries of the present day is, not whether the prisoner is guilty of the crime laid in the indictment, but whether their verdict will hang him or not. What we want is a stricter and holier estimate of our duties, whether as witnesses or as jurymen, to law and social order, without reference to our private prejudices or feelings, however amiable. The recent trials for infanticide are a national disgrace.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

DURING the last Session, a Committee was appointed by the House of Lords to take into consideration the present mode of carrying capital punishment into effect. Objections have very frequently been made to the system of hanging criminals in public; and the levity, brutality, and utter unconcern of the crowd that stands at the foot of the gallows have been a constant theme of indignation to philanthropists. The Bishop of Oxford represented this feeling in the House of Lords, and it was on his motion that the Committee was appointed. It was composed of men of sufficient repute to give great weight even to the unsupported expression of their opinion; and it is therefore a matter of some importance, that their Report is decidedly in favour of executions being henceforward conducted in private, although the evidence given was extremely inconclusive, and the opinion is expressed without any arguments being adduced to justify it. After reading the Report and its Appendix, we know no more than we did, except that eight or nine peers of considerable eminence disapprove of public executions. This is something, but it still leaves the question a perfectly open one.

The real issue is, whether the tendency of public executions is to deter from crime in a greater degree than would result from the execution being in private. One or two collateral inquiries group themselves around this main subject of speculation, but are not of any very great importance in themselves. The chief of these subordinate topics of investigation relates to the means by which the fact of the execution could be satisfactorily ascertained by the great body of the community, if the public were excluded from the place where the sentence is carried into effect. It is said that the ignorant and the vulgar will never believe that a criminal who is of a station superior to their own has been really hanged. “It would have been impossible,” said one of the witnesses before the Committee, “to make even persons belonging to the middle class believe that Palmer had been executed, unless any one who wished to see the end of the great criminal had been permitted to gratify his curiosity.” To meet this objection, various plans have been suggested, all agreeing in this—that a certain number of witnesses of the execution should be obliged to attend, and a certain other number allowed to do so on application to the Sheriff. In order to let the excluded multitude know the exact time of the execution, the Committee propose that a bell should toll during the procession of the criminal to the scaffold, and that, at the moment when the bolt is drawn, a black flag should be hoisted. We think that there can be no real fear lest any suspicion should exist of collusion between the authorities and the criminal. All that, in nine cases out of ten, can be said to be known by the crowd is, that a man or woman is hanged. They cannot be sure that the condemned criminal is the sufferer. If the sheriff and the prison officials, the representatives of the press, three or four local magistrates, and twenty or thirty other individuals, not selected, but admitted on application, all testified that at the moment when the flag was hoisted they saw a person hanged, it is absurd to think that any set of people could doubt the veracity of this testimony. In a very short time, this kind of attestation would be the recognised guarantee for the reality of the fact, and every one would be perfectly satisfied.

Another point raised is, what system has the best effect on the criminal himself? Here, again, we think that if we regard the criminal merely from the time when his guilt has been ascertained and his punishment awarded, the advocates of private execution have it entirely their own way. It must be a very disturbing thought—and one sure to distract the prisoner's mind from the contemplation of the eternity to which he is hurrying—that he will have to face a crowd at the moment of death; and that this crowd will applaud him if he “dies game,” and seems to treat death and judgment as a trifling matter, while it will brand him as a coward, and ring shouts of contempt into his dying ears, if he shows any sign of distress at his awful end. In England, a very short time is suffered to elapse between the sentence and the execution; and nothing could be more beneficial

to the prisoner than this, or more likely to awaken him to a sense of responsibility, were it not that the publicity of the execution makes the manner of his death seem all-important to him, and the consequences of death a very secondary consideration. A man who from his youth up has heard every pot-house loud in the praise of criminals who die unmoved, cares a great deal more for what Bill and Tom will say of him when he is gone than for what the clergyman says to him while he is here. But to make the criminal repent is not the end of capital punishment. Its great, though not its only aim, is to deter others from committing crimes like that which has led the guilty man to the scaffold. We must fix our attention on that which is the real object to be effected. We want to make a great example—that is our purpose. We have nothing to consider but the way in which the example may be made most efficacious. Supposing there were no perceptible difference in the deterring effects of private and public executions, the advantage the prisoner would derive from the former would suffice to turn the scale. But the smallest increase in the efficiency of the punishment as a warning would more than counterbalance the greatest good to the man who is to be hanged.

The Committee justly observe that the effect of public executions on the spectators must be a matter of speculation. This is so true that the evidence they received is almost entirely worthless. The great justification of Capital Punishment rests on its unknown, not on its known results. Those who desire its abolition point to the number of murders committed annually, and object that it is proved to be useless. But those who wish the present system to be maintained cannot point to any number of precise ascertained instances in which an intended murder has been prevented by the thought of the punishment awaiting its commission. They must argue from the general facts of human nature, from the feelings they would themselves entertain, from the opinions which a great variety of men have expressed in different ages. So, too, we cannot prove by particular facts that the publicity of the execution adds to the fearfulness of the warning—we can only argue from what we know about ourselves and others that it is likely, or is not likely, to do so.

The leading argument for the privacy of executions is derived from the behaviour of the crowds who come to see executions. We are told of the profane language, the coarse oaths and jests, that may be heard on every side—the petty thefts that are committed in sight of the drop—the morbid curiosity that stimulates the great mass of the spectators. Now, no one would assert that this indecent behaviour is occasioned by the nature of the spectacle. Vagabonds do not swear and steal because they see a man hanged—they merely continue to do what they would do, whatever were the occasion that called them together. All the evidence that can be produced merely amounts to this, that a large multitude of persons in the lowest class of society—in the class, that is, which most requires a warning—are collected together; that they feel the stimulus which is communicated by the meeting of any great number of people; and that they conduct themselves as they would conduct themselves if they were assembled to see any pleasant or innocent exhibition. But do the facts of human nature lead us to suppose that men must necessarily alter their behaviour on solemn occasions if they in any way feel the solemnity? Who has not been at a funeral and seen sorrowing relatives enjoy a very comfortable lunch, and yet not questioned the sincerity of their grief? It is the tendency of all numerous gatherings of men to make each individual conceal his better emotions. A respectable man does not like to be seen to shed tears, and a blackguard does not like a thousand other blackguards to suppose him to be affected by the spectacle of death. If we looked only to outward and immediate signs, we should hardly believe that anybody was impressed by anything.

We come, then, to the question, whether to see an execution or to hear of it is most likely to serve as a warning, and to deter from the commission of crime. The only evidence bearing on this which we can find in the Report consists of statements heard by the witnesses from persons in the crowd, to the effect that they could never have believed the death they had seen was so easy, quick, and painless an end, and that they do not think hanging would be much to go through. If it were really the fear of the physical pain of death that deterred men from committing murder, there would be great weight in this evidence; but every one knows that death means a great deal more than the endurance of a certain amount of bodily pain. A man who dies quits this world and goes to another, and it is the consideration of these two points that makes men unwilling to die. The first thought of a young man who, in a hospital or a battle-field, sees a frequency of speedy deaths, will probably be, that death is a very easy end, and not much to go through; but his love of life is as strong after observation has forced this reflection on him as it was before. Some of the witnesses mentioned that the spectators of different executions at the same place were often seen to be the same persons who had attended before, and that it was obvious they got used to it—that is, they got used to the sight of the physical extinction of life. They got used to death as a doctor gets used to death; but they would no more think lightly of dying than a doctor would. It is possible that, if a very great number of deaths were witnessed, the sight of death would awaken no more thought than hearing of death; but it could never awaken less, and for a very long time

it must awaken a great deal more. And it must be remembered that the spectator of an execution witnesses, not only a death, but a shameful death; and the nature of the ignominy attending the criminal's end may linger in the mind beyond the shock of the death itself.

There is also another consideration of a similar kind. A shameful death in public is much harder to go through than one in private. Let any one picture to himself dying as a criminal in the face of thousands, and contrast this with dying quietly in a gaol. Would not Palmer far rather have taken hemlock in his cell, like an Athenian, than have been led out to face half the inhabitants of Staffordshire? A criminal who is executed in public knows that his end will be keenly watched by his old neighbours and associates, by the relatives of the man he has murdered, by his own kinsmen—by hundreds, perhaps, of those whom he has known and looked down upon before temptation and guilt brought him to such a miserable fate. The greatest care is required to prevent any criminal above the lowest rank from committing suicide after he knows that he is to be hanged. "Every precaution is taken," the penny-a-liners invariably tell us, "lest the prisoner should defeat the ends of justice." To die unseen by the multitude is considered so small a thing in comparison that it has received the stereotype name of "defeating the ends of justice." There cannot surely be any doubt that a man in the position of Palmer would be more likely to be deterred by the thought of a public than of a private execution.

We must confess that we do not see anything in this report to make us think that the warning given by private executions can equal that given by executions under the present system. But even if the present system is retained, suggestions which might be adopted with advantage will be found either in the Report itself or in the Appendix. A greater solemnity might be given to public executions. A clergyman who gave evidence strongly in favour of a change stated that, for some inexplicable reason, he could not have an appropriate service in his church unless the execution was private. We are at a loss to understand why the occasion should not be "improved," although a great many persons look at the man being hanged. It is also proposed that, if the execution were private, a body of tradesmen or other substantial citizens should attend, either compulsorily or not, to witness the scene. In another form, this plan might be found beneficial in public executions. The great reason why the crowd behaves so badly is because no respectable person likes to be present at the awful ceremony. If persons of a higher station were there, the crowd would behave better, and would perhaps be more impressed, as external and artificial solemnity has always a great effect on men. Even those who now lament what they consider the demoralizing consequences of public executions must admit that, if these consequences could be done away with, or mitigated, public executions are in themselves preferable.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

MANY of our readers must have observed the greatly increased taste for fine language which has become apparent of late years amongst uneducated or half-educated people. Of the many symptoms by which a gentleman may be recognised, none is more certain than his habitual plainness of speech. There is a large class of words which shopkeepers and bagmen use without any particular affectation, but simply because they think it a proof of education and good manners—just as they say "Sir" or "Mr." oftener than people of higher rank. A friend of ours once heard the following conversation in the commercial room of a country inn:—"Sir, have you visited the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations?"—"I have taken an opportunity of doing so, sir, and was deeply gratified by what I remarked."—"May I ask, sir, what it was that principally attracted your attention?"—"The specimens of Manchester cottons and the statue of Godfrey of Bullion."—"Who, sir, was Godfrey of Bullion?"—"Godfrey of Bullion, sir, was the party who placed himself at the head of those parties who proceeded from France with a view to liberate the Holy Land from the other parties who held it—the ——. It is a singular fact, that I am at present unable to recollect the appellation which those parties selected." After some more conversation, in the course of which one of these Euphuists asked the other whether *Jacob Faithful* was "a book of fiction or a narrative of fact," they parted, as they expressed it, "to retire to the embraces of Morpheus."

The harm done by this kind of folly is greater than might be supposed at first sight. It induces vagueness and inaccuracy of thought. The jury which recommended Dove to mercy would never have stultified themselves as they did if they had not been able to shelter their folly under the unmeaning phrase, "defective intellect"—just as Westron's jury talked nonsense about his "hereditary predisposition to insanity." A considerable curtailment of the nonsense which infests the world would be effected by the disuse of the "great swelling words" which enable so many people to talk about what they do not understand. The origin of this kind of language is easily detected. Our intelligent middle classes are not famous for extensive reading, and it is easy to observe in their dialect, whenever it becomes at all pronounced, traces of the fact that they form their style on the newspapers, and more especially on their penny-a-lining department.

We have frequently had occasion to speak of the style and character of "Our Own Correspondent," but that great man's influence can never be fully understood until his peculiar position, as head of an extensive and influential profession, is properly recognised. We all know what the attorney-general or archbishop of correspondents can do, but we do not think that the influence of the junior members of the body which he represents is fully understood. The Israelites, when called upon to furnish a maximum of bricks, and supplied with only a minimum of straw, are a type of the "gentleman connected with the press" who has to fill his two or three newspaper columns with an account of the sayings and doings at some political meeting or other public ceremony. A man with a slight education, a fluent pen, and a certain amount of natural shrewdness, is sent off, on no notice at all, to make an amusing story out of an affair of the special purpose of which he has no more conception than he has of Hebrew. He describes a review at Spithead on Monday, a review at Aldershot on Tuesday, a fête at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, an agricultural meeting on Thursday, an Administrative Reform Association dinner on Friday, and an execution on Saturday, in the profoundest ignorance of military or naval warfare, hydraulics, agriculture, politics, and mechanics; and yet he leaves on the minds of his readers a wonderful impression of his extraordinary vivacity and deep information. As an irreverent critic once said of a brilliant reviewer, his articles are worth reading twice "to see the dodge of them." They are all got up on the same principle, and sustained by the same artifices. On some future occasion we may perhaps direct our readers' attention to some of the more remarkable species of this genus of writers; but at present we confine ourselves to the manner in which, from the necessities of the case, they are obliged to corrupt the English language.

One of the indispensable requisites of this style of writing is a lax phraseology—something which commits the person who uses it to as few facts, and therefore lays him open to as few contradictions, as possible. It is a great art to be able to make a number of statements without committing oneself to a single fact; and the best way of doing this is to employ words which have no precise meaning, rather than those which have. We have already shown how useful this art is to juries in wording recommendations to mercy. We have little doubt that those who sit upon them learn it from penny-a-liners. A gentleman of the class in question not long since delighted the readers of the *Times* by an account of the meeting (of course he called it "gathering," in inverted commas) at Mr. Meehi's farm at Tiptree, in Essex. His bulletin is full of such phrases as these—"practical agriculturists," "liberal application of capital," "national and adequate recognition;" and, amongst other things, it contains the following curious remark:—"A soil of this description precludes the operation of atmospheric changes, essential to a healthy and abundant vegetation." To use such phrases as "men actually employed in farming," or "spending a great deal of money," would look tame by the side of the first two phrases which we have copied; whilst the third and fourth are not less remarkable for their want of definite meaning than for their extreme grandeur. We may take the following as another example of the same thing. Mr. Meehi, we are told, exhibited a machine for bringing rockets to "the part of a beach most advantageous for effecting a communication" with wrecks. If the writer had said, "from which the wreck might be reached most easily," he would have missed an opportunity of using words of Latin origin where plain English would have done equally well, and of employing fifteen syllables where seven would have been enough. It is a commonplace thing to speak of a "dangerous habit;" but who can refuse to shudder at hearing that "a practice obtains replete with danger to the public?" To mention the date of the building of the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels would require some knowledge, and might look pedantic; but it gives a delightful tone of taste to an article about the Belgian fêtes to allude to "that renowned monument of mediæval architecture." A "bloody battle" is coarse—an "ensanguined battle" interesting. Anybody could have said that there were no beds to be had at Southampton the night before the naval review; but no one but a writer in the *Times* could have told us that on that night many persons were unable to take "horizontal refreshment."

We must not, however, suppose that the penny-a-lining principle affects only the words used. It has quite as strong an influence on the style. A certain jaunty affectation of ease, the constant introduction, *apropos de bottles*, of quotations or odd stories, a few withering sarcasms at the standing objects of the attacks of the newspaper in which the article appears, a ludicrous exaggeration of minute details, and a sort of affectation of omniscience are amongst its most characteristic features. On the 31st of last month, an article appeared in the *Times*, on a Review at Aldershot, which curiously exemplifies these peculiarities. The writer begins by saying that it was fine weather, and very hot, and he does it in the following elegant style:—"Nothing could exceed the beauty of the weather. The heat, no doubt, was occasionally oppressive, but the sky was as blue as an amethyst" (? red cornelian), "and not one wandering cloud interposed between the sun and his nobility." What is the sun's nobility, and how could you get between it and him? "In fact, it was one of those glorious days when, to use the expressive phrase of an Oriental writer" (we should like to know who he is), "the green blood dances in the veins of the rose-

trees," and you can almost fancy that you see the corn-fields growing." Nine lines and a half at 1½d. are—the established newspaper phrase once dearly beloved by *Punch* would be, "according to Cocker"—1s. 1½d., or just the price of a box of quack pills, including the stamp; and we think the information is dear at the price. After this ingenious and rather expensive exordium, comes the business of the day. We are introduced to certain stables, which, "at first sight, remind the spectator of the ingenious little domicile improvised by Robinson Crusoe," and which supply the writer with an opportunity for displaying much virtuous indignation about Lord Lucan and Sir Richard Airey. After a time, we come upon a criticism of the arrangements for spectators, which gives our friend an opportunity of mentioning the exclusion of "the great body of the public—they of whom it has been proudly said that they are the true source of all legitimate power," and of remonstrating in a characteristic style about the rough manners of some "fierce trooper who, flourishing his polished sabre in the air, threatens to cut them ["we" and others] off in the flower of their days unless they at once betake themselves to some remote region, from which the soldiers, like Shakspeare's famous sapphire gatherer, look 'no bigger than their heads.'" There is an amusing *naïveté* in the next sentence—"And the worst of it is, that you have no chance against such an antagonist."

Of course we do not expect high literary excellence in reports which are necessarily written in haste; but we have a right to criticize elaborate and systematic offences against good taste and common sense. We seriously believe that the flashy, jaunty style of newspaper accounts of ordinary occurrences has a good deal to do with the prevalence of similar faults in writings of much higher pretension. It is a great merit to be able to tell a plain story in a plain manner, and no one knows so well as those who see much of the current literature of the day how rare a merit it is. The style of newspaper reporters is imitated by hundreds of persons who have not the same excuse for adopting it. A newspaper must be read. It must also be read on the day of publication, and in order to attain that object, great part of it is always written in a vulgar, garish style. Such artifices as these are mere bids for popularity; and although, in so far as they merely affect more or less the circulation of the paper in which they appear, they may be sufficiently unimportant, they become a serious evil when they infect our literature and enfeeble our every-day language.

COMPETITION IN ART, AND MR. OWEN JONES'S MANCHESTER DESIGN.

A MANCHESTER newspaper, writing under the official inspirations of the Executive Committee of the forthcoming Exhibition of Art Treasures in 1857, has recently taken us to task for sundry alleged misstatements with respect to the competition for the Exhibition Building, and Mr. Owen Jones's share in that competition. We must remind our contemporary that, as to the facts, his strictures should have been addressed, not only to the quarter whence, as he acknowledges, one of our statements was taken, but to that authoritative record of the architectural history of the day—the *Builder*—in which, from time to time, the progress and facts of the Manchester competition, as we have stated them, appeared, and with reference to which uncontradicted statements our observations were directed. The Manchester authorities, however, consider our criticisms particularly injurious to the cause of the Exhibition, on account of our influence and circulation in those quarters from which the treasures to be collected in 1857 must be derived. We certainly regret, entertaining a high estimate of the object of the Manchester Exhibition, that its authorities should have stumbled so completely in the beginning of their work, and should, as the facts of the competition and their treatment of Mr. Owen Jones show, have displayed, in all that relates to the building which is to receive the Art Treasures, so little respect for the claims of art. The statements of the *Saturday Review* were these:—

1. That the competition was of selected artists, and was not to be anonymous.
2. That Mr. Owen Jones's design was the best.
3. That it was rejected in favour of some one who had not competed.
4. That the design was exhibited—not as the best in the competition, nor as the selected one, but—as the design approved by Prince Albert, &c.
5. That Mr. Owen Jones rejected the twenty guineas which were offered to him.

These statements a Manchester newspaper contradicts, or rather, it insinuates a sort of contradiction of them. We will proceed to speak of them in detail:—

No. 1 we withdraw as to its first half. In that, we were in error. The competition was not confined to certain artists, but it was required to be not anonymous. In condemning us, the Manchester journal falls into an error of its own. The advertisement inviting competition expressly required each design to be authenticated with its author's name. The fact, however, that the competition invited was open to all the world only makes the conduct of the Committee, in adopting a design which was in their possession before the competition was invited, more unpardonable.

As to Nos. 2 and 3, as we have said, our facts were taken from the *Builder*. In that journal of June 21, it was stated that

"twenty-five designs were sent in," and Mr. Owen Jones's design and its history are alluded to; and it was added "that the Committee," after negotiating with him, "had adopted a design by a firm of operative engineers, sent in before the competition was invited." In the *Builder*, of June 28, this design is said to be by "Mr. E. Salomons, to be carried out by C. D. Young and Co., iron founders, of Manchester, the firm with whom the Committee was in treaty before they announced the competition and invited the designs." Messrs. Young and Co., it was added, "are the perpetrators of the abominable building now in progress for the Great Exhibition Commissioners, and usually known as the *Brompton Boilers*." In the same journal, of July 5, the history of Mr. O. Jones's design, his treatment by the Committee, and his rejection of their twenty guineas are preserved. We now repeat, with additional particularity, our original statement. It is this:—On May 24th, a general competition of artists for the Manchester Building was announced in the *Builder*. Mr. O. Jones transmitted a design to Manchester which arrived on June 4th; and on that day the committee were unanimous in favour of Mr. Jones's design, and the secretary, Mr. Deane, required Mr. Jones's "presence in Manchester with an estimate of the probable expense of erecting the building according to his plan." This interview was, however, postponed. On Saturday, June 7th, Mr. Deane informed Mr. O. Jones that the committee were unanimous in favour of his design, but did not believe it could be executed for the money—25,000*l*. In fact, the committee were disposed to give the building to Mr. Jones, provided Messrs. Young, of Manchester, executed it. Mr. O. Jones then produced a tender for executing the building for 25,000*l*. from Mr. Kennard; and subsequently—June 11th—Mr. Kennard himself, in person, repeated this tender. Upon this the committee rejected Mr. O. Jones's design, which they now discover "to be inapplicable to the purposes of the exhibition." They then fell back on the design of Messrs. Young, which was in their possession before the competition was begun, and after having extracted from Mr. O. Jones's and other plans some ideas, employ an artist of Manchester—Mr. Salomons—to cook up Messrs. Young's plan into something decent and creditable.

This is the history of the Manchester competition; and it is one which, we say, reflects no credit on the Executive Committee, is a wrong to Mr. O. Jones, and is calculated to bring the principle of competition into great and deserved contempt.

It reflects no credit on a Committee formed for the purposes of art to throw over an artistic design like that sent in by Mr. O. Jones, in favour of an abominable and vulgar plan such as that of the Messrs. Young, and which, with its compeer at Brompton, is a national disgrace. Only this seems to be the rule. We have a Great Exhibition Council, and they—patrons of art—erect the "*Brompton boilers*." We have this Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures, and under its auspices, and especially as "submitted to"—and, the inference is, approved of by—"H.R.H. Prince Albert," we have the Manchester sheds. We have Government Schools of Design, Marlborough House, &c.—this is the theory of high art in high places, and in practice we have Mr. Pennethorne and the Peace illuminations.

As to No. 4, we only copied the ticket of admission to the exhibition of the adopted designs, transmitted to ourselves.

No. 5, we presume, is not disputed.

The result of the Manchester Exhibition is a wrong to Mr. Owen Jones; for it is clear that the sole object of the Executive Committee was to get a job for Messrs. Young. It is of very little use for the Executive Committee to charge us with a misstatement in saying that Mr. O. Jones's design was selected. We never said that it was selected. Our complaint is, that it was not selected. Our statement was, and is, that it was the best—the best in the judgment of the Committee themselves—approved by them, as we have reason to say, unanimously; and that the reason alleged for its rejection, viz., as not being "applicable to the purposes of the Exhibition," could not be the real one, because, if so, why was Mr. Owen Jones brought down to Manchester to prove the possibility of erecting the building for the specified amount? The very fact of the discussion of the cost assumed the Committee's judgement on its applicability.

And, finally, we have to observe that to invite "plans and suggestions as to the best form and mode of constructing a building, &c."—to negotiate with an artist, the author of the best plan—to reject him, and to take the benefit of his science and skill, and commit the fruits of his labours to some other person to work up—and then to offer him twenty guineas by way of healing his vanity, even though coupled with the hint of employment "in carrying out the decoration of the building," is just what causes competition in art to be distrusted and despised. We must add that Mr. Owen Jones did wisely in rejecting what, in his case, was an insult.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE somewhat heartless adage with which people are apt to console themselves for the misfortunes of their neighbours certainly found an application in the calamity which, while it reduced Covent Garden Theatre to ashes, was the means of bringing about the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre—a house which, for the purposes of the lyrical drama, is without an

equal in the world. Year after year, those who had for so many seasons been accustomed to take their pleasure within its precincts had looked at its closed doors with the wistful gaze which the knights in the old legend directed to the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. But all was in vain—the entrance remained barred—until at last, on the evening of Saturday, the 10th of May, "the charm was snapt," and the doors were once more thrown open to the public. To the crowds who then rushed in, again to take possession of their favourite resort, a scene was presented which completed the parallel we have suggested between the theatre and the Sleeping Beauty's palace. Everything within the walls of the building was unchanged—nothing in decoration or arrangement altered—in fact, the whole edifice presented so entirely the same appearance that it had done the evening before it was closed years ago, that the *habitués* must have felt inclined to exclaim, with the king in the old fable:—

How say you? we have slept, my lords,
My beard has grown into my lap.
The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner nap.

Even those who might have been unacquainted with the formidable difficulties which the manager of a theatre has to contend with at all times, could not but have marvelled that, within two short months, Mr. Lumley should have gathered round him a staff capable of fulfilling its arduous and varied duties. It required singular energy and activity, with the ceaseless exercise of most skilful generalship, to bring such an undertaking to a successful issue. These qualities, however, Mr. Lumley has long since shown that he possesses in an eminent degree; and he had also undoubting confidence in the support which, under circumstances so novel, he was justified in anticipating. Thus he was enabled triumphantly to surmount all obstacles. By the 10th of May everything was in working order—vocalists and dancers, orchestra and chorus, were brought together, and were ready to go to work with that good will and earnestness which are the best guarantees of success. In circumstances like those which attended the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, every one felt inclined to make large allowances, and to be generous as well as just to performers, many of whom were new to their work, and unacquainted with each other. As to the principal *artistes*, they stood in little need of indulgence; but some apprehensions were naturally felt as to the manner in which the chorus and the orchestra would acquit themselves, and it may be admitted that both the one and the other will still have to go through a large amount of drilling before Signor Bonetti's requirements can be satisfied. Those, however, who are best qualified to appreciate the difficulties with which the new conductor must have had to contend, will estimate most highly the large measure of success which has rewarded his industry, courage, and perseverance.

The performance by which the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre was inaugurated was that of Rossini's opera of *La Cenerentola*. The part of the heroine was sustained by Madame Albani, who, curiously enough, had made her *début* in England on the occasion of the opening of another theatre (Covent Garden), when she appeared as Arsace, in *Semiramide*. Although it must be confessed that since that period the splendid natural gifts with which she is endowed have in some degree suffered from her injudiciously straining her voice, it is still exquisitely beautiful; and her singing in *La Cenerentola*, and her acting—which took every one by surprise—in Verdi's *Trovatore*, called forth from her audiences the most unequivocal signs of approbation and delight. Madame Albertini was the next *prima donna*, and she met with a very favourable reception. Her voice, as we have before remarked—in common with all those which Verdi's operas have placed on the rack—has suffered considerably by the process, though not so much as to prevent us from perceiving traces of its pristine power and sweetness. Her acting, though marked by earnestness, was too forced and *prononcé* to suit our English taste as well as it does that of the Italians, by whom she is greatly admired. Still, we must not forget that she appeared but seldom during the season, and that it requires extensive acquaintance with an actor's style, when that style is a peculiar one, to be able adequately to appreciate it. Of Signor Baucarde, who appeared contemporaneously with Madame Albertini, we have little more to say than that it was generally allowed that he had made a marked improvement, both in singing and acting, since he appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre some years ago.

We pass on now to Mademoiselle Piccolomini, to whom, as it is needless to remark, the real success of the season is owing. Young, of noble family, with antecedents such as few who have appeared on the stage can boast—gifted with qualities which excite a deeper and more enduring feeling than that of mere admiration—she no sooner made her appearance than she won every heart. We cannot but regret that the opera chosen for her *début* was one in which some of the most immoral phases of Parisian life are laid bare before us; but the audience seemed to forget the repulsive nature of the plot in the enthusiasm they felt for the young actress. She looked so pure and innocent that, notwithstanding the truth and fidelity of the impersonation, it was not easy to remember the type of character which she was endeavouring to represent. Herein, however, lies the chief mischief likely to arise from putting such a story on the stage. By the fascination which Mademoiselle Piccolomini throws

around the character, and the poetry she infuses into it, the moral sense is deadened, and our perceptions of right and wrong are in danger of becoming misty and confused. It would be preposterous to assert that, if the heroine of Verdi's opera had been a virtuous girl instead of a Parisian *lorette*, Mademoiselle Piccolomini could not have made the part equally interesting. It is just because she is possessed of such stores of grace and pathos, of sensibility and feeling—of all that makes comedy delight the fancy, and tragedy touch the heart—that we regret she should have employed her powers on a character so unworthy of her.

If we were asked wherein lies the secret of Mademoiselle Piccolomini's success, we should reply that it consists in the thoroughness of her work, and in the earnestness she puts into all she does. It is impossible to see her without instinctively feeling that, in her slightest glance, her most apparently insignificant action, her most seemingly careless word—in her every tone and gesture—her whole heart is contained. She is so entirely absorbed in her subject as to become, for the time being, the character which she personates. Then, too, there is her perfect freedom from conventionality. In this there lies a potent charm, especially for those who, living in the world of London, are apt to doubt whether such a thing as a simple, frank, transparent nature—which is content to be what God has made it, and not to seem what its fellow-creatures would have it—is anywhere to be met with. We have, on former occasions, spoken of Mademoiselle Piccolomini's vocal powers, and we need not repeat the opinion we expressed when she made her *début*. Even now, we should not have dwelt so much at length upon her acting in *La Traviata*, but that we desired to state our view of the causes to which her success in the impersonation of the heroine is due. In the *Figlia del Reggimento* and *Don Pasquale*, she played the parts of Maria and Norina in such a manner as entirely to captivate her audiences; but still, from first to last, the favourite character was Violetta, which afforded more display for contrasts of light and shade than either of the others.

The *début* of Mademoiselle Wagner was the second great event of the season. To fulfil such expectations as she had excited was no easy matter; but she made her first appearance with so favourable a *prestige* that, even had her singing and acting been less strikingly excellent than they undoubtedly were, she would have met with no small measure of indulgence. As Romeo, in *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, she made a powerful impression by the combined dignity and grace of her acting, and the fine quality of her voice. The second character which she assumed was that of Lucrezia Borgia—the third and last, that of Tancredi, in which she looked and acted the youthful hero to perfection. She was well sustained by Mademoiselle Jenny Baur and Herr Reichardt; yet we regret that the three principal parts in an opera of Rossini's should have been assigned to Germans, to whose nature Italian music and Italian acting cannot but be alien. We must not close our review of the season without giving to Signor Calzolari, Signor Belletti, and Signor Benvenuto a word of praise, though we feel that this slight and casual mention of their names is a very inadequate tribute to the merits of these excellent artists.

We have hitherto said nothing about the ballet, which has now come to be a distinguishing feature of Her Majesty's Theatre. The season commenced with the successful *début* of four new dancers, one of whom, Mademoiselle Katrine, displayed remarkable originality and elegance. To them Mademoiselle Marie Taglioni was soon added; and shortly afterwards, the ballet department received an important accession in the person of Madame Rosati, who made her first appearance in the brilliant ballet of *Le Corsaire*, which has excited nearly as great a *furor* in this country as it did in Paris. It is a long time since a ballet on so large a scale, and containing so many fine scenic effects, has been produced before an English audience; but, from the manner in which it was received, it is evident that the taste of the London public for this species of entertainment is not at all on the wane.

It now only remains for us to add that the season, "short and sweet" as it has been, closed last Saturday night with the performance of *La Traviata*. Oppressively hot as the weather was, every part of the vast building was crowded to suffocation; and the bouquets resting on the ledge of many a box gave token of the demonstration of which, ere the audience had dispersed, Mademoiselle Piccolomini was destined to be the object. Again and again she was called before the audience during the performance—again she delighted all hearts by her archness and gaiety—again she stilled her auditors into silence by the tenderness and pathos of her dying farewells. The curtain at last fell, and loud and long were the acclamations which arose from all parts of the house, when, in obedience to their call, Mademoiselle Piccolomini came forward to receive such a tribute of applause as has rarely been witnessed before. Wreaths and bouquets fell upon the stage in profusion. Thrice she was called for, and each time the ovations of flowers seemed to increase. Nor were flowers the only offerings—two snow-white doves were also seen fluttering for a moment in the air, and then falling at her feet. At last the favourite of the season was allowed to depart; and immediately afterwards the curtain once more rose, and displayed to view the whole of the company ranged on the stage. The national anthem was then performed—M.M. Reichardt, Braham, and Belletti singing the first verse, Mademoiselle

Piccolomini the second, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini and Mademoiselle Finoli, with Signor Calzolari and Signor Benvenuto the third. It will be long before any one present will forget the spirit, fire, and earnestness with which Mademoiselle Piccolomini sang her solo. The movement of her head, the very shake she gave to the sheet of music which she held in her hand, betokened the heartiness with which she uttered the words—a heartiness that was at once perceived and warmly recognised by the audience.

So closed the season of 1856 at Her Majesty's Theatre. In every respect we may pronounce it to have been a most successful one. We can only hope that it will prove the precursor of many a season yet to come, no less successful and delightful; and as all the favourites of the present year have been engaged for the next, with the important addition of the celebrated tenor, Giuglini, there is little cause to fear that this hope will be disappointed. In one respect alone can we desire that future seasons should differ from the past—it is scarcely necessary to say that we refer to its tantalising brevity.

REVIEWS.

CHAUCER.*

FEW poets have obtained so large a share both of contemporary popularity and posthumous fame, or have exercised so extensive an influence over the literature and language of their country, as Chaucer. Hailed as a master by all readers in his own day, he at once became the standard of excellence and the object of imitation; and now, after the lapse of four hundred and fifty years, he is still read with admiration and delight. The benefits which he has conferred upon English literature can, indeed, hardly be overestimated—they certainly cannot be estimated except by those who have read the works of his predecessors. He was the inventor of the heroic couplet, if not of blank verse. He was one of the earliest harbingers of the revival of a taste for the writings of heathen antiquity. To him is due the merit of having introduced into this country the study of the great Italians, Petrarch, Dante, and Boccaccio; and the earliest sonnet in the English language is his admirable translation of the 88th of Petrarch to Laura. And finally, he did for English what Dante had done for Tuscan—he raised it from being a mere *patois*, spoken only by the lower orders, like the Flemish, to a language in which gentlemen and scholars might delight to clothe their thoughts. His contemporary, Gower, had scarcely made up his mind as to what was his proper vernacular. Of his tripartite poem, the two first sections were written respectively in Latin and Norman-French, while the third only—and that produced probably after the appearance of most of Chaucer's works—was in English. But as soon as the *Troilus* and *Cryseide*, the *House of Fame*, and the *Canterbury Tales* appeared, there was no longer any doubt as to what was the proper idiom for Englishmen to write in; and we find Lydgate, Occleve, and the few poets who arose during the succeeding century of civil war and turbulence, cultivating English exclusively, and assiduously forming their style upon him whom they delighted to call their "Maister."

When the splendid court of Henry VIII. once more gave an impetus to the cultivation of literature and art, we observe Wyatt and Surrey working the mine of Italian poetry which had been opened to them by Chaucer. To him also some of the most striking images in Buckhurst's *Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates* may certainly be traced. Spenser was the warm admirer of his works, which he calls a "well of English undefiled," and made him his model, not only of diction, but of sentiment and thought. The resemblance between Shakespeare's "host of the Garter," and Henry Bailly, the roystering "host of the Tabard"—whose good temper and love of fun, combined with firmness and perfect *savoir faire*, contribute so much to the spirit and order of the Canterbury pilgrimage—has been noticed by Tyrwhitt, and cannot but strike every reader; while there is much internal evidence—many similarities of expression, and turns of thought—to show that the *Legende of Gode Women* is the source from whence Shakespeare derived the *Rape of Lucrece*. Ben Jonson's classical taste did not prevent him from being a diligent student of his illustrious English predecessor; and most of the examples of grammatical forms in his English grammar are taken from Chaucer. Then we have Dryden, whose praise in the preface to his *Fables*—some of them translations from Chaucer—may seem to some even extravagant, when he says, "I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of *Palamon and Arcite*, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias* or *Æneis*." Milton enumerates, among the appropriate recreations of the high-born inhabitants of a feudal castle, the reading of him who—

left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

And even in the last century, when taste seemed at the lowest ebb, a scholar like Tyrwhitt was found to devote himself with assiduity to the task of editing the *Canterbury Tales*.

With the simpler and more natural taste introduced by the

* *Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*. Edited by Robert Bell. 8 vols. London: John W. Parker and Son.

school of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Chaucer's reputation has revived with greater lustre than ever; and several partial attempts have been made of late years to bring his poems within the reach of general readers. With this object, Wordsworth, Mr. Robert Bell, and others, published a version in modern English of some selected pieces, and Leigh Hunt endeavoured to make parts of the *Canterbury Tales* intelligible by a paraphrase in prose at the bottom of the text. We cannot say that either of these attempts was very successful. It is certainly true that one at first finds some little difficulty in reading the English of the fourteenth century; but this difficulty is not so great a disadvantage as to be worth the cost of losing, as we necessarily must in a modern version, the *naïveté* of the idiom in which the poet thought and wrote.

The next attempt to meet the public demand for Chaucer's poetry was made by Mr. Wright, who edited for the Percy Society an edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, in which he adopted a perfectly new principle with respect to the text. This had hitherto been the grand difficulty. Such was Chaucer's popularity during the short period which intervened between his own time and the general introduction of printing, that our public libraries abound with manuscript copies of most of his works. Among these the early editors—Caxton, Stowe, and Speght—had no idea of choosing the most correct. They did not even follow their originals faithfully; and, consequently, their text is utterly and irretrievably corrupt. To them succeeded Urry, who, in forcing the text to accord with his idea of metrical and grammatical correctness, has made Chaucer speak a language as far removed from that of the fourteenth century as it is from modern English. Out of this chaos Tyrwhitt, towards the end of the last century, endeavoured, by a comparison of all the manuscripts within his reach, to establish a certain degree of uniformity. With this object he adopted a regular system of orthography, but he was not sufficiently acquainted with the grammar of mediæval English to acquit himself satisfactorily of such a task; and the result is, that his text, while it is not more intelligible to general readers than that of the former editors, can only mislead those who desire to form a correct notion of the metrical and grammatical structure of Chaucer's poetry. In subsequent booksellers' editions of Chaucer's works, this text of Tyrwhitt has been adopted for the *Canterbury Tales*, and that of Speght for the other poems.

Mr. Wright argued justly, that Tyrwhitt's principle was vicious in attributing any authority to later manuscripts, which could only have been transcripts from the earlier; and he therefore selected one which was probably written within ten years after the poet's death, and disregarded the variations which had crept into subsequent copies. From this manuscript he took his text, *verbatim et literatim*; and the consequence is, that his text of the *Canterbury Tales*—while it is not a whit more difficult to understand than that of Tyrwhitt—has settled the vexed question of Chaucer's metre. It shows, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the final vowels of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman were represented in Chaucer's English by *e* pronounced; and that when a line seemed, in former texts, to be short by a syllable or two, the fault almost invariably lay with the editor, who had expunged a letter which seemed to him redundant, but which was in reality no less essential to grammatical than to metrical correctness.

So far a great step towards the due appreciation of Chaucer had been made—a correct text of the *Canterbury Tales* had been secured. But, though perhaps the most generally interesting, the *Canterbury Tales* form not more than half of Chaucer's poetical works, and it still remained for a future editor to give a correct text of the whole body of his poetry in such a form as to be accessible to the general reader. This task Mr. Robert Bell has undertaken to perform. For the *Canterbury Tales* he has adopted Wright's text—for the rest he has had recourse to manuscripts—and, adopting Mr. Wright's principle, he has followed literally those which appeared the oldest and the best. This must have been a task of considerable labour and difficulty; for we learn, from the Introductions prefixed to the several poems, that these manuscripts lie scattered in various miscellaneous collections of contemporary poetry preserved in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and the public Library at Cambridge. The text of the *Romaunt of the Rose* is given from the unique copy in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow.

We have been at some pains to compare Mr. Bell's texts of most of the poems with those which were printed from Speght, in the Aldine edition, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas; and we have found that, in many cases where the latter was absolutely unintelligible, Mr. Bell has been enabled to restore the author's true meaning. For example, in Speght and the Aldine edition, the *Complaynte of Mars and Venus*, opens thus:—

Gladeth yee lovers in the morowe graie,
Lo Venus risen among yon Rowes rede,
And floures freshe honour ye this daie,
For when the sunne uprist then wold they sprede,
But ye lovers that lie in any drede,
Fleeth lest wikked tonges you aspie,
Lo yonde the sunne, the candell of jelousie.

This is absolute nonsense. The true reading, on the contrary, as given by Mr. Bell, from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, is perfectly intelligible and very pretty:—

Gladeth, ye fowles, of the morowe gray!
Lo, Phœbus rising among yon rowis rede!
And floures freshe, honoureth ye this May,

For whanne the sunne upriste than wol ye sprede;
But ye lovers that lye in eny drede,
Fleeth lest that wikked tonges you espye!
Lo, yonde the sunne, candell of jelousye!

That is to say—Rejoice, ye birds, in the grey morning; behold, Phœbus rising among yon ruddy streaks. And you, fresh flowers, honour the season of May, for when the sun up-rises, then will you spread. But ye lovers who are in fear of discovery, flee, lest malicious tongues notice you, for yonder is the sun, the candle of jealousy.

Having thus obtained as correct a text as was possible under the circumstances, Mr. Bell has endeavoured to render his author intelligible to modern readers by a general introduction to the whole, and particular introductions to each poem, with foot-notes and a glossary. The general introduction discusses the several questions which we have here touched upon—the language and grammatical structure of the poems, the rules of Chaucer's metre, and the labours of former editors. In the particular introductions, the specialities relating to each poem are stated—its relative date, the sources whence Chaucer may be supposed to have derived the idea, and the manuscript from which the text has been taken; and to this is subjoined an argument or analysis of the poem. This last cannot fail to be an immense help to the reader, particularly in the case of the *Romaunt of the Rose*—that very curious but intricate poem whose influence has been so extensively felt in the literature of the North of Europe. The foot-notes, besides pointing out and illustrating peculiarities of metre and of grammatical structure as they occur, elucidate the allusions which are to be met with in almost every page to historical events, and to civil and ecclesiastical customs long since passed away, but many of which have left their traces in modern usages and institutions. Mr. Bell's plan of forming his text literally from the several manuscripts must have rendered the compilation of the Glossary a very laborious work, because, as in Homer, the same word often appears in different forms, according to the dialect of the copyist who wrote the manuscript. Thus, we find the word *saw*, written sometimes *saugh*, and sometimes *seigh* and *sihe*. In such cases these different dialectal forms have all been collected and enclosed by a bracket; and thus the reader is enabled at a glance to distinguish between differences of spelling which are merely the accidental variations of different scribes, and such as belong to the radical structure of the word. In short, Mr. Bell has, with praiseworthy zeal for his author, neglected no expedient which might render him easily understood by modern readers.

But if the present editor has had a laborious task in clearing the text from the corruptions of former editions, the poet's life was an Augean stable which required, indeed, a Hercules to cleanse it. Former biographers, from Speght and Hearne down to Godwin, who was the chief delinquent in this matter, have systematically eked out the paucity of their information by the largeness of their draughts upon their imagination. This tendency was no doubt fostered by the genial communicativeness of the poet. No one ever threw himself into his poetry with more thorough heartiness than Chaucer. If, as he insinuates in the *Canterbury Tales*, his manners were shy and abstracted (though we suspect this description requires some large qualifications), he certainly made up for this personal reserve by the perfect abandon of his writings. But we are convinced that, though he may have been reserved in mixed society, such as he found himself in among the Canterbury pilgrims, among his friends he must have been the most genial of companions. A man who is never spoken of but in terms of ardent affection by his contemporaries, the personal friend of Edward III., John of Gaunt, and their consorts, and the ambassador entrusted by Richard II. with the duty of negotiating a secret treaty for his marriage, cannot possibly have had any real pride or shyness about him. But, however this may be, the frequent allusions in his poetry to himself, his friends, and his own feelings and circumstances, led his biographers into the idea that they could construct his biography out of his writings. Thus, from some obscure hints in the *Testament of Love*, they have formed a circumstantial narrative of how he was imprisoned in the Tower for his participation in some popular conspiracy against the Crown—how he purchased his own acquittal by betraying his accomplices, and how he took refuge in Holland from the resentment of his enemies—with an infinity of the same sort of romancing. Campbell endeavoured to relieve his memory from this stain by pointing out the difference between the facility of expressing noble sentiments of political honour at a library table, and the difficulty of putting them in practice in a dungeon, with an axe hanging over one's head. But, fortunately for Chaucer's reputation, it happens that receipts and other documents preserved in the Record Office, relating to his pensions and public employments as Comptroller of the Customs, Clerk of the Works to the King, and ambassador to foreign Courts, enabled Sir Harris Nicolas to give a correct account of the place in which all the latter years of his life were passed; and from these documents it appears that, during the whole time when Chaucer was supposed to be in prison or in exile, he was receiving quarterly with his own hand, at the Exchequer, the pension which he enjoyed from the King's liberality.

But Sir Harris Nicolas, in his zeal for documentary evidence, has, in our opinion, gone too far, and rejected events in the personal history of the poet which are pointedly alluded to in his

writings, and are besides sustained by a very large amount of antecedent probability. Such is the interview supposed to have taken place between him and Petrarch at Padua. It is discussed in the following passage from Mr. Bell's life of the poet prefixed to this edition:—

It was during his visit to Italy on this occasion that Chaucer is said to have visited Petrarch at Padua, a supposition derived from a passage in the Prologue to the *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale*, in which the narrator says that he "learned" the tale of *Griselda* from a "worthy clerk" at Padua, "Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete." If Chaucer had made this statement in his own person, which, undoubtedly, the structure of the *Canterbury Tales* afforded him the opportunity of doing, there could be no grounds for any discussion as to its truth; but having made it through the medium of a fictitious character, and not in his own person, the fact of such an interview having ever taken place has been called into question. Whether the reasoning founded upon the manner in which Chaucer thought fit to communicate the tale is sufficiently satisfactory to discredit the source to which he refers it, every reader must be considered competent to decide for himself. Upon this point, however, it may be well to observe that a distinction should be drawn between that which is given as fiction and that which is stated as reality; and that when Chaucer alludes to a real person in the introduction to the story, he so far departs from the dramatic assumption maintained in the rest of the Prologue. As it is clear that the Clerk of Oxenford, being purely an imaginary personage, could not have learned the story at Padua from Petrarch, the difficulty becomes narrowed to a choice of two very obvious alternatives:—we must believe either that the whole statement is an invention, for which no intelligible reason can be assigned, and which is, certainly, on the face of it improbable; or that Chaucer himself obtained the story from Petrarch.

Here we think that Mr. Bell, though inclining generally to Sir Harris Nicolas's rigid canons of evidence, has followed a judicious mean between too easy an acquiescence in mere plausible probabilities and an unreasonable refusal to believe anything unless upon such proof as the nature of the case renders it impossible to obtain. To us, indeed, it seems incredible that a man of Chaucer's voracious curiosity about every person and thing worth knowing, should have left Lombardy without visiting Petrarch, who was at this period (1372) living in retirement at his villa among the Euganean Hills, about ten miles from Padua—particularly as the former certainly made his political mission to Italy subservient to literary objects; for we know that he was at Florence, whither the immediate business of his embassy did not call him. The influence of his brief sojourn in the land of the arts is, at all events, easily perceptible in his subsequent writings. He had tasted the strong and bitter wine of Italy, and his palate could not thenceforward brook the lighter vintage of France. From this time the pretty allegories of the French school, which had dazzled his youthful imagination, are discarded for the poetry of human passion and the romance of real life. The fairy gardens in which grew the typical Flower and Leaf, are deserted for the high road to Canterbury; and the knights and ladies crowned with laurel or lilies, and singing "bergerettes" in honour of their favourite blossom, the daisy, surrender the scene to the blunt country-gentleman, the purse-proud citizen, and the pompous, the meddling, or the jolly chirruping clergyman of every-day English society. To this Italian visit we owe not only the touching love-story of *Troilus and Cryseyde*, but the *Canterbury Tales*, in both of which we are not afraid to say that, in our opinion, he has transcended his originals, the *Filistrato* and the *Decameron*.

We scarcely know whether Chaucer is more successful in his serious or in his comic mood. Nothing can be more pathetic than his tales of *Constance* and *Griselda*—nothing more affecting than the manly sorrow of *Troilus*, when he finds that he has been betrayed. Never was the spirit of high-minded moderation and chivalrous placability more nobly depicted than in the character of Theseus. But in humour he is scarcely approached by any but "gentle Shakespeare." As we read the General Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, and the tales of the *Sompnour*, the *Frere*, the *Marchaund*, and the *Nonnes Prest*, we fancy we can see his elegant and pensive face, as it has been transmitted to us in Osceve's portrait, lit up with a flash of inward merriment, playing lightly about his upper lip, and giving his grey moustache a scarcely perceptible upward curl, or deadened into an expression of stolid ignorance, while some exquisite naïveté falls from his lips, and sets the table in a roar. It is no wonder that his society was valued by the highest in the land; and recollecting the difficulties we experienced in forming his acquaintance through the corrupt text, black letter, and inexplicable system of punctuation of Speght's folio, we cannot but feel grateful to Mr. Bell for thus facilitating our intercourse with the genial father of English poetry.

THE KARS CAPTIVES.*

AN account of the struggle at Kars, and of the brief captivity of its defenders, written by one of themselves, cannot fail to be universally read, however little it may add to our knowledge of the incidents of the siege, or to our acquaintance with the interior of Russia. The private correspondence of the General himself, and the five hearty letters of the late Captain Thompson, which are included in the volume, are the most interesting portion of the book; but neither these nor the narrative of Colonel Lake tell us much which had not already become familiar to us from the pages of the Blue-book. The position, and perhaps

also the character, of General Williams, tended to make his official despatches more copious than the ordinary run of such documents. He had to apply to the authorities at Constantinople and at home to do for him what most generals have authority to do for themselves. Every day he was exercising powers which had never been regularly committed to him, and it became necessary to write despatches of unusual length and minuteness in order to justify what he had already done, and to obtain the countenance and support of the English Government in the further encroachments which he contemplated on the ill-used powers and privileges of the Turkish Pashas. At one time he had to demand the disgrace of the Generals with whom he served, and at another to insist on measures of something like compulsion against the Ottoman Government itself. To obtain a favourable hearing for requests of so trenchant a character, it was absolutely necessary to keep the authorities alive to his situation by a constant current of graphic and energetic correspondence.

This state of things gave to the despatches published in the Blue-book on Kars a vivacity and interest which are seldom to be found in such productions; but what the Blue-book gained, the private correspondence has lost. The whole story has been forestalled; and the only additional feature to be traced in the General's private letters is a rather more unqualified statement of his mode of snatching the reins from the Turkish incapables than would have been quite decorous in a report to headquarters.

In a letter written from Erzerum, in December 1854, the Commissioner thus describes the course he had pursued:—

I have had a hard fight against the intrigues of those whose rascality I have exposed, but who remain unpunished. I have received every encouragement from the F. O. and from Lord Raglan, and I AM SURE of their support.

In fine, by going to Kars, and finding the army with a disgraced general at its head, I seized the reins, rectified the muster-rolls, got bread and meat instead of black dough and carrion, for the poor soldiers, visited their cook-houses at daylight and dark, brought to light the theft of 12,000 great-coats by the colonels, exposed the drunkenness of the superior officers (which might have enabled the Russians to bayonet us in our tents, if they had been so inclined), cleansed the hospitals and town, and turned out the rascally Pashas from places where 350 men are now comfortably housed, ay, 300 in some.

The same letter contains the following sketch of his future plans:—

These things have all passed away, and as I told the Governor yesterday, "if we begin to-morrow, we shall not do more than get all things into order for the campaign in April or May." I have therefore commenced *hoarding* for ammunition for the siege-guns, thirty-two in number, which have barely five hundred, instead of twelve hundred, rounds a piece. No attempt to form entrenchments here for our magazine's defence, if such necessities are ever thought of by these drunken, good-for-nothing rascals. Here are my tasks for 1855; those of 1854 are closed, with the help of Heaven, and my knowledge of the moment to seize a Turk by the beard. Yesterday I pounced upon their bread; to-day I am going through the snow to fall on their camp-kettles, and (unexpectedly) expose these thieving colonels as regards soup (*chourba*, as we Turks call it). I am well, and perfectly happy in the consciousness of having done my duty, in spite of unheard-of neglect.

The language in which he describes the receipt of despatches approving of all his proceedings, and accompanied by his promotion as brigadier, and by a commission as Ferik in the Sultan's army, shows pretty clearly his fixed resolution to make himself supreme in the camp:—

The brigadiership was accompanied by a Ferik rank by the Sultan, under the title of "Williams Pasha;" and I had all the blackguards on their knees, and will keep them there. The firman was read to me, *I in English uniform*, which I will make them all respect; it is a great innovation, and I will carry it out to the letter and spirit: it is Lord Clarendon's doing. I had a very flattering letter from Lord Wodehouse. I am now in the Medjlis; and Shukri and Hussein are to go to the right-about.

On the arrival of Vassif Pasha, under the most stringent orders to take the advice of the English General on all points, he writes that at the eleventh hour the battle was gained—not forgetting, however, to rejoice at having convicted one of the worst of the Pashas of theft, drunkenness, and murder, before that new cudgel had been placed in his hands. We fear that the pliant Vassif will not feel himself highly flattered by being described as a stick in the Englishman's hands; but, if not complimentary, the picture is, doubtless, accurate. Shortly afterwards we find the General declaring that the next thing he should seize on would be the purchase of provisions, and vowing that he will make every man who thwarts him shake in his shoes. The success which attended these decided proceedings shows that General Williams had rightly appreciated the moral character of Turkish officers, and certainly justifies the exclamation which occurs in one of his letters, "Don't compare English with Turks in any respect."

Captain Thompson's letters abound with incidents showing how completely the Turks were made to crawl at the feet of their English defenders. If salad is not forthcoming for the Captain's dinner, his servant Kadri—acting, of course, without orders—thrashes the gardener who has dared to sell his stock to earlier applicants, and a very good salad makes its appearance daily ever after. On one occasion, the Captain had to visit an outpost commanded by a Turkish colonel who had been previously reprimanded for not paying sufficient respect to the English Beys, and who had learned to fear our countrymen as if they had been tigers. Captain Thompson gives the following account of his reception:—

On my arrival (after being saluted by the troops) the Commandant of the place, by name Mustapha Bey, placed his house at my disposal, which offer I was graciously pleased to accept, and a grand dinner, *à la Turque*, was pro-

* *Kars and our Captivity in Russia*: with Letters from General Sir W. F. Williams, Bart., of Kars, K.C.B.; Major Teesdale, C.B.; and the late Captain Thompson, C.B. By Colonel Atwell Lake, C.B., one of her Majesty's Aides-de-Camp. London: Bentley. 1856.

vided for my "Excellency." The colonel refused for a long time to sit down in my presence, and was only induced to do so by my refusing to "feed" until he did. We had a very fine dinner, and I honoured him by sleeping in his bed, (with clean sheets, of course!) and the next morning I inspected his regiment, which was in very good order, breakfasted at his expense, and rode out, accompanied by a guard of honour.

Notwithstanding the awe which he sometimes inspired, Captain Thompson seems to have been on the best of terms with the Turkish dignitaries, and to have contributed more than any one to the cheerfulness with which the garrison bore their lot, even after their provisions were almost entirely exhausted, and the long-deferred hope of relief had died out from repeated disappointments. At one time we find him setting the General's table in a roar; at another, he is trussing up a pair of dignified Pachas for a cock-fight; and when he wrote to his friends at home, he found nothing more serious to grumble at than the scarcity of short pipes, the overabundance of flies, and the tardiness of the Russians in coming to the scratch. The near approach of starvation did not prevent him from indulging in light-hearted jokes about the flavour of horses, rats, and jack-asses, and the probable fate of his own favourite cat. Altogether, he seems to have been the very companion one would have chosen if doomed to the gloomy fate of being shut up in a beleaguered city. We do not wonder at the affection with which his comrades regard his memory.

Colonel Lake's narrative of his travels as a prisoner through the interior of Russia reads more like the tour of a celebrated lion than the progress of a captive. Wherever the Englishmen stopped, they were deluged with invitations, and found everything *coulour de rose*. The ladies were delightful, and talked excellent English, besides singing and dancing in the most captivating manner. Generals and priests vied in the profusion of their champagne and vodka. The people turned out at every town to welcome the prisoners, as if they had been conquering heroes of their own nation—and this, too, while the war continued to rage. Perhaps the strongest evidence of the warm reception given to the captives by their enemies is to be found in the unmeasured indignation with which Colonel Lake denounces an official of exceptional churlishness, who omitted to invite the party to take up their quarters in his mansion. It was not in human nature to judge with impartial sternness a people who showed such remarkable hospitality, and we are therefore not much surprised to find that Colonel Lake can see no lack of civilization in the least advanced portion of Russia, and can even find something to palliate the system of serfage. The incidents of the journey, however, tell their own tale of the comparative barbarism of the country, and there is nothing to support the Colonel's favourable opinion, except the facts that the upper classes are good linguists, that the national music is full of melody, and that the Governors' balls and the Generals' entertainments were of the most sumptuous and convivial kind. But the Colonel was well pleased with everything. At Moscow he was much delighted with an establishment which would probably have struck him as a rather incongruous affair in London. This was an institute for orphans and *enfants trouvés*—"a noble charity under Government patronage, which, besides providing for *enfants trouvés*, offers an asylum to the orphans of officers." We doubt whether Colonel Lake would think it a high proof of our own refined civilization if the Government were to propose to provide for the children of officers by giving them free admission to the benefits of the Foundling Hospital. But it would not be fair to expect a strictly accurate picture of Russia from a traveller who has seen it only under the peculiar circumstances and influences which attended the journey of the prisoners of Kars; and we do not think the worse of Colonel Lake for having allowed his judgment to be warped by the kindness of his former enemies.

TUPPER'S LYRICS OF THE HEART AND MIND.*

MR. TUPPER has recently published a small volume of poems, bearing on the title-page the modest motto, *Pocimur*. He was called upon to sing; and he responded with *Lyrics of the Heart and Mind*. There are, it appears, persons who wish him to write more poetry. His poems are popular, and enjoy, we believe, a wide circulation; and as all literature that is popular gains an interest from the mere fact of its popularity, it may be worth while to examine the volume before us. It is sufficiently characteristic of the writer, and sufficiently represents what he feels and thinks on the subjects he has selected as more particularly his own, to enable us to judge whence his popularity is derived, and how far it is deserved.

Any one who has read this volume will lay it down impressed with a lively sense of Mr. Tupper's extreme propriety and respectability. He is indisputably the most proper of our minor poets. Whatever it is proper, respectable, and estimable to write, he does write. He feels himself called upon to be an English gentleman, a zealous Christian, and a valuable father of a family; and in every page he lets us know what he is. When England is the subject of his song, there never was such an Englishman—so loyal a subject, so fierce a patriot, so bitter a hater of all that is un-English. As a Christian, he considers himself entitled and bound to give exactly the right advice to all who may wish to be advised. He explains to the world

very clearly how much better it would be if everybody would consent to be good. No family-man could be more irreproachable. He makes a harvest of fine thoughts, not only for, but from, his family—teaching one, praising another, writing the history of a third, until his poetry of the affections swells to a considerable bulk, and makes a large portion of the good man's widely-selling volume.

Let us first look at Mr. Tupper in the character of a patriot. A fine opportunity for what, in one of his previous works, he calls "loyal outbursts," was given him by the Russian war. He accordingly writes down the Czar in a fierce but playful strain, and jingles away in a neat little sing-song which presents a curious contrast to the subject of the verse. His most ambitious denunciations of the enemy read somehow as if they were parodies of nursery rhymes; and there is a sort of infantine gaiety in the ready way in which Russia is disposed of. Among other injunctions easily obeyed, we find the following:—

Seal'd up in his harbours let Nicholas see
The doom of Sinope betimes,
And Revel, and Cronstadt, and Helsingfors be
The price of his blunders and crimes!
Give Aland to Sweden; and set a Police
Of Europe united and strong
In Gotland or Dago to keep the world's peace,
And fetter this Russian from wrong.

The objects and success of the French alliance are, in another lyric, hit off in the same frolicsome style:—

In generous rivalry—seeing we must—
Our armies have gone to the war,
To trample Ambition's brute force to the dust,
And succour the weak in the cause that is just,
And baffle this truculent Czar.

In generous rivalry now, side by side,
We conquer by land and by sea,
From Aland to Alma as brothers allied
We fight and we bleed—we have triumph'd and died—
Together, to set the world free!

Occasionally the theme of the war is treated in a graver manner. Mr. Tupper is great in Scriptural allusions of an obscure character, for some of which he is, if we are not mistaken, indebted to Dr. Cumming. For instance, after prophesying wrongly but intelligibly, that Cronstadt shall be crushed and battered, as Sebastopol is shattered, he proceeds to foretell that "Meshech, Rosh, and Tubal, humbled, to destruction shall be crumbled"—which may, or may not, have been the case, according to the meaning of the terms. There is also a solemn and ponderous sonnet, bearing the title of "England Approved," which is scarcely to be called a lyric either of the heart or the mind, but which is interesting as showing that the war was sanctioned by the poet—a source of great comfort to all hesitating minds. Mr. Tupper also courageously offers himself as champion-in-general to the Royal Family—not precisely hinting the kind of dangers to which he conceives them to be exposed, nor the exact means of defence to which he would have recourse, but in a comprehensive way stating that the Queen may rely upon him, in case her children are forsaken by the British Parliament and nation. After telling us that the Royal children in Winterhalter's picture seem to say to him, "Stand thou for us against all evil tongues," he pledges himself to come forward for that purpose, in the following lines:—

In truth, O Royal Children of my Queen
My spirit vows, I will!—'twas ever seen
In this poor world that calumnies and wrongs
Afflict the highest; it hath sometimes been
A mouse may save the lion from a snare;
So, may my true devotion help to spare
From any grief these gracious looks serene.

As a moralist, Mr. Tupper is distinguished by the same habit, which appears in his patriotic manifestoes, of echoing the more obvious truisms of the day. He is for ever dwelling on the greatness of the nineteenth century and the wonders of the present age. Things go on pretty well—a little—a very little—better than they used to go on; but we must say that if we had met with the following passage in a prose writer, we should have thought him inclined to exaggerate. Poets, perhaps—and especially lyrical poets—may be excused if they even venture to state that—

Ancient wrongs are being righted—
Ancient rights lift up the head;
Savage realms and tribes benighted
Rise to life as from the dead;
Ignorance is out of season,
Wickedness is glad to hide—
Nothing stands but faith and reason,
Nothing falls but sin and pride.

The exigencies of rhyme lead Mr. Tupper into a still stronger assertion in a sonnet on "Progress." Our lot would have been cast in a pleasant age, if we could say with him—

In books we drink of more than Hebe's chalice
All wonders of the world at one glad sight
We find in our luxurious Crystal Palace;
And everywhere we see that right is might.

In some *aleaic* stanzas, where we must allow for the difficulty of the metre, we have a kindred panegyric on ourselves and our fellow-countrymen:—

Thus in the light of rational liberty
Each of us walks a patriot Englishman—
Courageous, but boasting it never;
Moderate, honest, and patient ever.

* *Lyrics of the Heart and Mind*. By Martin F. Tupper. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1855.

"Railway Times" is the title of a lyric in which the exciting and restless character of the present day is painted. We regret to learn that Mr. Tupper has never a quiet moment—that he finds his existence a "Niagara life," and that he is "hurried on by the strong wind Euroclydon." In his poetry, he conceals, with singular art, the intensity and fervour of his feelings—so much so as to give the impression of a man who prefers a tame simplicity to anything like extravagance.

Mr. Tupper is profuse in the good advice he proffers on every subject. In the list of the lyrics, we come to many such unostentatious headings as—"A Word of Wisdom," "Calculated Comfort," "A Maxim of Peace," "Providential Hints." The last of these spirited effusions begins with the words, "Watch little providences"—an opening excellent in moral tendency, but slightly prosaic. We are directed, in every variety of skittish metre, to be warm, true, and, above all things, to have "heart." Mr. Tupper has devoted himself very zealously to the cause of that organ, and it plays a great part in all his writings. Our readers may perhaps have forgotten that he once wrote a whole story bearing the title of *Heart*, in which the difference between those who are possessed and those who are destitute of "heart" was very strongly painted. A contrast was finely drawn between the gentlemen of a citizen's family and the ladies. The former, having no hearts, were stern, tyrannical, villanous men, buttoning up their pockets, turning the good people out of doors, swindling, forging, and at last contributing a useful lesson by their calamitous end. The ladies, who were all "heart," wept tears of feeling, not only married but lived on nothing, got bullied and trampled on, but ultimately attained a state of most encouraging happiness. The same view of life pervades the more recent volume of the *Lyrics*. The man of "heart," often addressed under the philanthropic title of "brother," is constantly assured of his ultimate triumph. The confident vein of the poet's philosophy, his playfulness of fancy, and the easy way in which he makes everything smooth, are well exemplified in the following passage from a lyric called "Chaos Crystallizing":—

All shall yet be right at last;
Coming Day shall clear it up;
And Creation's stirrup-cup
Sweeten all the past.
Good achieves its glorious ends;
Soon for Evil's transient reign
Spite of guilt and grief and pain
Making rich amends.
Now, like crystallizing salts,
All is seen confusion here;
But right soon it shall appear
Wisdom makes no faults:
Atom to its atom flies,
Every bevil'd angle fits,
Till at length fair Order sits
Enthroned on earth and skies.

Those who have read Mr. Tupper's *Ballads for the Times* may remember that the volume contained, towards its close, what were called "Fragments of a possible Epic." The subject was to have been "Home," and the plot a description of Mr. Tupper's family. Coleridge complained that the possible subjects for epics were so few that he could mention none but the "Fall of Jerusalem." Mr. Tupper, on the contrary, shows that they are inexhaustible; for if a series of short prize poems on the members of the poet's own family could form an epic, there may be as many epics as there are married poets. In his lyrics, he introduces us again to his family circle. He also makes us acquainted with the neighbourhood in which he lives. We are sorry to infer that the clergymen of his vicinity are not exactly what he could wish; for he gives us to understand what he thinks of the clerical society around him, by painting the sort of pastor he would desire. Should his ideal ever be realized, he promises to support the new clergyman, as he previously promised to support the Royal family:—

O that I had a pastor near my home
Honest and earnest, wise and good and kind,
A man of gracious heart and vigorous mind,
Untainted by the pestilence of Rome:
How gladly would I recognise in such
The guide, the brother, and the priest combined;
With hearty help, albeit perchance not much,
Standing beside him, strengthening his hands.

We might quote many passages of the same stamp; and our readers might learn, if they cared to learn, what Mr. Tupper does on a hot day, and on a cold day, and how he fishes, and lulls his cares, and they might become acquainted with all his infinitely respectable pursuits and appropriate thoughts. But perhaps we have given enough to show what kind of reply Mr. Tupper made when some of the rashest of his friends asked him to publish more poetry. Horace tells us that neither gods, men, nor booksellers suffer poets to be mediocre. The ancient world had in this respect a superiority over the modern. Booksellers now-a-days sell thousands of volumes of rhymed platitudes, and men buy them, and the gods do not interfere. In spite of the nineteenth century being a "Niagara vortex," and in spite of its seeing the rapid crystallization of chaos and the disgrace of Rosh, it has, it must be confessed, its weak side. As the number of persons who can read increases faster than the standard of public taste is raised, there is sure to be a multitude of admirers found for plausible, comprehensible, twaddling verses. If any one who has not gone through the

labour of reading Mr. Tupper's works wishes to know what they are like, we can recommend him to look first at the prose which the poetical works contain here and there. It is curious how the prose annotations and introductions of poets correspond in value to their poems. Every one must remember the graphic, spirited, and characteristic notes to *Childe Harold*, and the beautifully written essays and comments interspersed in the writings of Wordsworth. If we refer to Mr. Tupper's earliest work, we may grow tired as we read in the *Proverbial Philosophy* how wise and good the author is, and how wise and good we ought to be. But at the end of the volume we come to some notes which are refreshing. As a sample of the philosopher's thoughts, and as an index to the value of his poems, we will, in conclusion, extract two of these notes. The first is an explanation of the exact force of the term Religion:—

Strictly speaking, only a fallen being is capable of religion, a bringing or binding back of the affections to their proper object. An angel, or other pure intelligence, can have no sympathies with the fallen, as such, and therefore can know nothing of religion, as such; his worship is allegiance or liegance.

The second is intended to elucidate the following hard saying:—

Faith, by its very nature, shall embrace both credence and obedience;
Yea, the word for both is one, and cannot be divided.

The note runs thus:—

niors, a derivative from *neidounai*, will almost as readily bear the sense of obedience, as of persuasion, and of credence. I know not whether a similar latent sympathy may be thought to exist between our own old English word "faith," and the Norman "fait," factum, a deed; at any rate, the coincidence is worth a passing notice.

M. JULES GONDON.*

IT will be remembered that last year, when the Sardinian alliance was under the consideration of Parliament, the affairs of Italy were adverted to by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell; and the conduct of the absolutist Governments of the Peninsula became the subject of grave condemnation. Even if the comments made by English statesmen on the tyrannical policy of the Italian sovereigns had not been fully justified twelve months ago, the present posture of affairs shows that the censure pronounced by the English Government was neither ill-timed nor undeserved. This view of the case has, to a certain extent, been adopted by the French Government, and the two Western Powers are exerting themselves to change a state of things which is a scandal to the civilized world, and a source of constant danger to the peace of Europe. Few people will be disposed to question the justice and policy of the course adopted by England and France, though many may regret that the hopes of the Italian nation for the present depend upon the slow and uncertain action of diplomacy. There are, however, some few persons who affirm their belief that the King of Naples and the Pope are in the right in their theory and practice of government, and that France, England, and Sardinia are incontestably in the wrong when they demand more liberal institutions and a less corrupt administration of justice. This class of politicians is represented in England by Mr. Bowyer, who appears always eager to avail himself of an opportunity to defend the Governments of Pio Nono and the King of Naples, and to assert his belief in the security and happiness of the populations under the sway of those most enlightened princes. His views are, it is true, diametrically opposed to those entertained by every well-informed Englishman; but in this country the most unpopular opinions may be held or expressed without entailing any unpleasant consequences upon their advocate. Mr. Bowyer has not become a martyr, though he has frequently been on the verge of becoming a bore. But the party to which he belongs are unfortunately unable to conceive that it is possible to be in a minority without at once becoming the victim of persecution. Accordingly we find that, in the eyes of the most violent section of the Ultramontanists, he already enjoys the honours of martyrdom, though it would be difficult to say in what his sufferings consist, or to what extent he has been hindered in his undoubted right to talk as much nonsense as he conveniently can, for the edification of the faithful Commons. Those, however, who sympathise with him find it necessary to have occasional martyrs, as well as duly-authenticated miracles. *S'ils n'existent pas, il faut les inventer*; and we doubt not that the martyrdom of the member for Dundalk has been got up much more for general dramatic effect than from any petty regard to the actual circumstances of the case. M. Jules Gondon has thought proper to celebrate the "glorious unpopularity" earned by Mr. Bowyer in his defence of Italian misgovernment, and has made it the occasion of a series of letters, the object of which is to prove that Italy is perfectly governed—that Pio Nono is a miracle of wisdom, and Ferdinand a pattern of humanity and gentleness—and that the sympathy of the English for the cause of Italy is a gross sham, and a mere pretext for spreading Bible societies and encouraging the consumption of calico throughout the States of the Church and the Kingdom of Naples.

M. Jules Gondon is one of the most violent and most irrational champions of the most violent and most irrational section of the Roman Catholic party. His case is a melancholy instance of moral and intellectual *strabismus*, which, if it were not extremely mis-

* *De l'Etat des Choses à Naples et en Italie. Lettres à George Bowyer, Esg., Membre du Parlement Britannique. Par Jules Gondon. Paris: Ambroise Bray. London: Charles Dolman.*

chievous, would be merely an object of pity. But it must be remembered that the party to which he belongs is everywhere on the Continent arrayed against free institutions. It is the party which in Belgium and in Sardinia has ever been the determined assailant of Parliamentary Government, and which in the Roman States and in Naples upholds the worst forms of tyranny supported by a foreign soldiery. As there is no lack of organization among these advocates of absolutism, whether temporal or spiritual, and as they enjoy the protection and countenance of many of the despotic Courts of the Continent, their power of doing mischief is far beyond what might have been expected from the popularity of their cause or the ability with which it is advocated. Prejudice, bigotry, and ignorance are seldom completely innocuous, and when, as is at present the case in Italy, they are allied with unscrupulous tyranny and ruthless persecution, they become potent instruments of evil.

The object of M. Gondon's letters to Mr. Bowyer is to defend the Roman and Neapolitan Governments from the charges which have repeatedly been brought against them from 1848 till the present year. A large portion of the defence consists of angry vituperation of the public men and the press of this country for the part taken by them in denouncing the misgovernment of Italy. The popular institutions and the social condition of England likewise furnish matter for gross misrepresentation, in which, as will be seen presently, the author is not ashamed either of actual falsifications or of the coarsest scurrility. Incidentally, M. de Montalembert, in consequence of his favourable criticisms of the social and political state of this country, is attacked with great acrimony by M. Gondon. The latter says, in his preface:—

In a social point of view, the institutions of Italy can stand a comparison with those of other European countries, and above all with those of England. This opinion [he adds, in a note] will, I know, be disputed in some quarters. A man who is fretting himself from vexation at not being able to attain the position of a statesman, has, in a recent work, in which he praises the institutions of England, coupled with M. Ledru Rollin the advocates of the police administration at Naples when he attributes to them the same opinions on the decline of Great Britain. For this assertion there is no foundation, and the writers whom the author in question chooses to call absolutists have never taken part in the ridiculous exaggerations of the socialist tribune. For, criticising in England that which can and which ought to be criticised, they have, when they speak of her institutions, recognised her inherent greatness and strength. No one, however, will deny that M. de Montalembert deserves to obtain the complete assent of M. Ledru Rollin in his insinuations against the absolute monarchies and the nations which have sacrificed their public right, their history, and their honour to the incarnation of force in some individuals. The pen of M. de Montalembert is rich in allusions of this kind—his work has had the honour, it is said, of being praised by M. Victor Hugo. It would be better that the *absolutist writers* should become the advocates of the Neapolitan police than that *parliamentary writers* should borrow from the Jersey refugees attacks upon the French Government, and upon the monarchy which in 1848 crushed the Italian revolution.

With respect to the Neapolitan Government, we learn with some surprise, from M. Gondon, that the charges brought forward by Mr. Gladstone in his letters to Lord Aberdeen have been completely refuted. It is interesting to observe the slender foundation on which this assertion is made. Mr. Gladstone, in his second letter, with the natural candour of a man unwilling to mislead, admitted and fully explained how, in three or four instances, he had overstated the case as against the Neapolitan Government; but, as the reader will recollect, those incidental errors did not, in any important degree, weaken the general force of the accusation. To most minds they would have rather served to strengthen the case by showing that Mr. Gladstone was a perfectly honest witness, and was not to be deterred, by the fear of lessening the weight of his argument, from correcting inaccuracies into which he had unintentionally fallen. Mr. Gondon thinks otherwise:—

These retractions are the more valuable as they are sufficient to prove the hasty manner in which the accuser makes even his most serious charges. If I call these facts to mind, it is because Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston still appeal to the authority of their friend, and pretend to forget that after the discussion raised by his pamphlet it was impossible for him to maintain his original assertions. The evidence of Mr. Gladstone seems to me to be singularly weakened by his own admissions, and nevertheless Lord John Russell has no better witness to produce.

But Lord Palmerston has charged the Neapolitan Government with having recently committed acts of cruelty and oppression unworthy of the present age. In fact, to carry on a government by police, without cruelty and oppression, is simply impossible. Even under the freest constitution, a police, however well organized and disciplined, requires to be constantly watched by a jealous public opinion and the press to prevent it from becoming extremely dangerous to the liberty of the community and the rights of the individual. M. Gondon prudently refrains from explaining the mechanism of the Neapolitan police, or the precautions taken to ensure their gentleness and probity in a country in which officials are notoriously cruel and venal. He admits, however, that corporal punishment is still in force for street offenders, although he asserts that it is rarely made use of, and that he can only discover one recent case in which it has been applied. This admission, however, gives him a great opportunity for denouncing the brutal acts of violence perpetrated by the police and military functionaries in her Majesty's dominions. Military flogging is certainly an institution for which we have not the slightest respect, and we do not hesitate to say that it ought only to be retained for the punishment of the marauders and plunderers of an army in the field. However, this much must be said—that it is not retained in

our military code on any other ground than that of its being absolutely necessary as a means of maintaining discipline where other modes of correction have been repeatedly applied; and it should also be borne in mind that with us it is only resorted to in cases in which, in other countries, the punishment of death, or a long period of very severe penal treatment, would be incurred.

M. Gondon's next instance is taken from the Report of the Madras Commissioners on the Employment of Torture in India; and as this is one of his most remarkable instances of falsification, we will give his own words:—

Besides, Providence has taken care to avenge the accused and to unmask the accuser. To detect their weaknesses, we need not have recourse to the microscope of which they habitually make use when they examine anything that relates to the domestic or foreign policy of the Neapolitan Government. We require no assistance to enable us to confound them; for at the very time when speakers in the English Parliament and writers in the English press were employed in denouncing the Italian Governments, and in heaping insults upon them, there arrived in London an official document, entitled "The Report of the Commissioners charged to inquire into the circumstances of torture practised in the Madras Presidency, and submitted to the Hon. the Governor in Council April 16, 1855." This document, which threw all England into astonishment, led the *Times* to say "we should be more than mortal if we were not sometimes humiliated." There was indeed some reason to blush at a report which establishes that torture is legally practised in the English Indian empire, not in isolated or exceptional cases, not in consequence of excessive zeal on the part of any subordinate agent, but as the general and legal system of the country. It might perhaps be supposed that it was had recourse to for the punishment of great criminals—it is used for a very different purpose. The most cruel corporal tortures are applied in order to collect the revenue. It is stated in the report that this system has been in operation from time out of mind. Tortures are employed by the agents of the treasury charged with the collection of revenue. For more delay in payment, the tax-gatherer causes the tax-payers to be tortured at the discretion of his agents.

Here follows an extract from the Blue-book, mentioning the worst kinds of torture employed in the Madras Presidency.

It is obvious from the quotations given by M. Gondon, that he must have had the Report before him, and, if so, there is no shadow of an excuse for his exaggerations and misrepresentation. He might, if he had chosen to consult the reports in Hansard of the debate which led to the appointment of the Commissioners, have learned that, so far from torture being a recognised and legal practice in the Madras Presidency, the existence of it was unknown, and therefore denied by many persons well conversant with the details of Indian administration. The inquiry, however, was instituted rather upon a case of suspicion than upon evidence that amounted to satisfactory proof of the fact. At length, after a long and careful examination, conducted on the spot, it appeared that torture was practised by a certain class of native officials, without the knowledge or connivance of their European superiors. It further appeared that it had been the common practice in certain districts when under the sway of native princes, and that the repeated efforts of the English Government to eradicate it had failed, partly in consequence of the difficulties of the native character, and partly from the want of a sufficient number of European functionaries to supervise and control their native subordinates. And if M. Gondon had not been anxious to bolster up his case at whatever sacrifice of truth and candour, he would have given credit to the English Legislature for the willingness with which it listened to allegations against the conduct of the Indian Government, and for its anxiety to investigate charges which might involve the character, and therefore the stability, of the British Government in the East. He might, too, in this instance, have perceived the utility of the freedom and publicity of discussion. In this country it is permitted to bring the gravest charges against the Executive—inquiry is freely granted—and an ample measure of redress is obtained, with far greater ease and certainty than under those singular political forms which M. Gondon delights to honour.

We will mention one other instance of the fairness of this writer. As a set-off to the atrocious proceedings of the Neapolitan police, he alleges that in the riots last year in Hyde-park, the London police committed acts of the most savage ferocity. But he omits to state that, in any European capital except London, those riots would undoubtedly have been quelled by the intervention of a military force, and probably at a great sacrifice of life. He likewise forgets that the individual policemen who were proved to have exceeded their duties were punished by the same authorities, and with the same severity as offenders of any other class—a proceeding to which M. Gondon would be puzzled to find a parallel in the administrative systems of Rome and Naples.

Similar inaccuracies might be noticed in those passages in which M. Gondon dwells pathetically on the state of the English lower classes and on the management of our gaols and workhouses. In his case, it is difficult to say whether ignorance or malice preponderates. The more charitable hypothesis is, that the class to which he belongs and the class for which he writes are completely ignorant of English institutions and manners. He seems to resemble those writers for the French stage and *feuilleton* who have preserved the traditional Englishman in all his fabulous glory—who represent English noblemen as habitually selling their wives in Smithfield-market for half-a-crown, or fighting boxing-matches for half a million sterling. Happily, the better-informed class of French society take a very different view of our manners and customs, and M. Gondon would be nearly harmless but for the party and organization to which he belongs. As for Mr. Bowyer, he is much to be pitied for having had the misfortune to have his name printed on the title-page of this very foolish book. It is a nearer approach to martyrdom than he has hitherto made.

ALFIERI.*

AN Englishman, travelling on the Continent, was asked if he would like to be presented to the Countess of Albany. "Let me see," he said; "was not she the mistress of Charles II., who married Ariosto?" Few of our readers probably are quite so much in the dark as our unfortunate countryman; nevertheless, we are sure that Mr. Mitchell Charles and his publishers were right in judging that a sketch of the life of Alfieri would be a useful addition to the Railway Travellers' Library. The materials for writing such a work are very accessible. The poet left behind him a copious and careful account of his own life, remarkable among autobiographies for the calm and business-like way in which the facts are laid before the reader. There is nothing of *Dichtung* in its pages. The naked *Wahrheit* is given us. Mr. Mitchell Charles has made ample use of the autobiography, and has helped it out here and there from less valuable sources. He seems also to have read many of Alfieri's plays. *Mirra*, he has not read—he never reads, on his own showing, any naughty books.

Vittorio Alfieri was born at Asti, in Piedmont, in 1749. His father died shortly after his birth, and his mother married again. Neither she nor her new husband troubled themselves much about the boy's intellectual culture. He was born a noble—why should he be a *servant*? An uncle, however, who was Vittorio's guardian, took a different view, and finding, on a visit to Asti, that the education of his ward was being neglected, he had him sent to the Academy of Turin. The system pursued there was not one calculated to develop the mind, and, as at most schools, the boy had to thank himself for what little knowledge he gained. At fourteen he became master of his income, though not of his estates, and soon after this he was promoted to a higher division of the Academy, in which the pupils were at liberty to choose their own studies. The young Count chose to do nothing, and spent his money lavishly in the company of some young Englishmen. In 1765 he made his first journey beyond the frontier of Piedmont, saw the sea at Genoa, and came back to Turin to dream of travelling. After some trouble, the King allowed him to set out to see the world, and he started for the South; but his mind was so little cultivated that he derived scarcely any pleasure from his travels. Milan bored him—so did Florence; and he exhausted Rome in eight days. Rapid motion alone pleased him. After spending a year or two in Italian travel, he went to Paris, where he was disgusted by the "dirt, architecture, and darkness." From France he came to London, which he liked better. The bustle, the fine horses, and the gentlemen coachmen, were all much to his taste. He left England for Holland, where disappointment in a love affair worked a change in his character. He became a reader of Rousseau, and a disciple of Plutarch. At Vienna, the Piedmontese Minister wished to introduce him to Metastasio; but the young Italian, full of dreams of Greek and Roman greatness, declined the acquaintance of one who made, as he thought, too servile a reverence to Maria Theresa when he met her in the grounds of Schönbrunn. From Vienna he hurried by Berlin to Copenhagen. It was here, in the midst of a northern winter, that he began really to study Italian. Hitherto his reading had lain chiefly amongst French authors. He was disappointed with St. Petersburg, and disgusted with the "blighted look of everything in Russia." His second visit to London was signalized by his intrigue with Lady Ligonier, the particulars of which are so coolly detailed in his autobiography. Maddened by the disgraceful and ludicrous termination of this affair, he scoured across half Europe, till at length, wearied and ill, he arrived at Turin.

His brother-in-law tried to persuade him to enter the diplomatic service; but he refused, and, taking a large house, plunged anew into dissipation. *Cleopatra*, his first tragedy, was performed in 1775. It was not unsuccessful; but the poet, seeing its faults better than the audience, persuaded the manager to withdraw it. Now that he had found his vocation, Alfieri had perception enough to see that he must acquire far greater power over his own language if he meant to become a great Italian poet. He worked for a whole year at Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, and other great authors, and at last went to Sienna, where the language even of the lower classes was long supposed to be remarkable for the gracefulness of its turns of expression. In 1776, he paid a flying visit to Turin, where he studied Horace and Sallust. As he was returning to Sienna, a contrary wind detained his vessel off the eastern Riviera. He landed, and made his way to Sarzana on horseback. It was here that a priest lent him that copy of Livy the perusal of which led him to write *Virginia*. So much did the grand old story impress him that he would, he says, have finished the drama on the spot had not his windbound vessel arrived. He found at Sienna a small literary circle, in which he soon became the prominent figure. His chief friend in it was Gandellini, a tradesman—he it was who introduced him to the study of Machiavelli. The perusal of the works of that great author led him to write a prose treatise on Tyranny. He soon, however, returned to tragedy, and produced *Agamemnon*, *Virginia*, and *Orestes*, in the early autumn of 1777. The winter of Sienna drove him to Florence, and there, at eight-and-twenty, he met Louisa de Stolberg Guédern, Countess of

Albany, the wife of Prince Charles Edward. He soon became *amico di casa*, and protected the Countess against the drunken violence of her husband. It was about this time that he severed the ties which bound him to Piedmont, and resigned nearly all his property to his sister. In 1779, he wrote *Rosmunda*, *Octavia*, and *Timoleon*. Next year, when the cruelty of Prince Charles Edward to his beautiful young wife had passed all bounds, Alfieri obtained her admission into a convent at Florence; and when she removed to Rome, to live under the care of Cardinal York, he followed her thither. He now had several of his plays printed, and presented the volume to the Pope, offering at the same time to dedicate *Saul* to his Holiness. The proposal was declined, much to the poet's annoyance. Not long afterwards, the intrigues of his enemies obliged him to leave Rome; and he returned, after a good deal of wandering, to London, where he amused himself by buying fourteen fine horses—one for each tragedy which he had written. From England he went to Turin, where he found few friends, and not many admirers. *Virginia* was acted in his presence, but it was only a half success. On leaving Turin, he visited his mother at Asti, spending three days with her. He then went to Sienna, where he remained for six weeks with Gandellini, after which he followed the Countess of Albany to Colmar in Alsace, where he wrote *Agis*, *Sophonisba*, and *Mirra*. In December, 1786, he went to Paris, and began to have his works published by Didot. Next year, passing through Kehl, he was so struck with the beauty of the type used in the printing-office of Beaumarchais, that he resolved for the future to employ him. In February, 1788, he heard of the death of Prince Charles Edward, and he now became, it would appear, the husband of the Countess. Early in 1789, he had the satisfaction of seeing the complete edition of his tragedies finished; and he spent the greater part of this and the next year in composing his autobiography. In 1791 he made a journey to England, but returned to France soon after the flight of the Royal Family to Varennes. On reaching Paris, he tried to live quietly without mingling in politics. Soon, however, both the Countess and himself became suspected as aristocrats, and he had great difficulty in escaping from France. Safe in Florence, he turned for consolation to his studies, and translated Terence, Sallust, and portions of the *Æneid*. At the age of forty-six he began to learn Greek, and made, before he died, some progress in it. The occupation of Florence by the French was a great grief to him, and the authorship of his revolutionary treatises preyed upon his spirits. The last fact recorded in his autobiography is his institution of an Order of Homer, of which he named himself the first member. He brought down the narrative of his life to May, 1803, and he died in the October of that year, the victim of excess, anxiety, and a foolish system of diet. He was fifty-four when he expired, and he lies buried in Santa Croce.

If Mr. Mitchell Charles had contented himself with telling the story of Alfieri's life, and with giving specimens of, or criticisms upon, his writings, the reader would have had much occasion to thank him. Unfortunately, however, he has thought fit to spice his narrative with remarks upon all sorts of subjects, many of them quite alien to the matter in hand. He is always abusing the Pope, and uttering virtuous platitudes. He devotes a whole page to telling us how he, Mr. Mitchell Charles, was lately "at a brilliant party," where a young gentleman danced much more than was good for him. Another long paragraph winds up with this moral:—"Better to be in shape like a firkin, than to die of stays." We have no wish to deal hardly with Mr. Mitchell Charles. The whole tone of this production leads us to believe that he is a well-meaning, and, more or less, clever young man; but so tasteless a book we have very seldom seen. Judging from internal evidence only, we should suppose that Mr. Mitchell Charles had spent his boyhood at some small and very "serious" boarding-school; and that he had chosen for the amusement of his early manhood a thrice-repeated course of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's plays, and an attendance in the green-room no less constant than harmless. We cannot take leave of him in more appropriate words than those which he himself addresses to his reader, in p. 24 of this work:—

Whatever your passion, study the best models of it; polish that stone of yours (precious or otherwise) before you rush out to hawk it. The world can wait, nay, it can be thankful; and it is no slight praise to win the approbation of those to whom an awkward sculpture, or a bad picture, a slovenly song, or an *undigested* book, is at once a horror and an offence.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.*

ON inquiring at the bookseller's for a guide of some sort to the Channel Islands, Mr. Rooke "was informed that there was none in existence—the only work on the subject having been issued many years ago, and being now out of print." Desiring to supply the deficiency, he set himself to compile a manual for the traveller which should form "a faithful guide and pleasant companion to these beautiful islands." Whatever may be his trustworthiness as a guide, we certainly cannot praise his production as being a pleasant companion—on the contrary, we should consider it an insufferable bore, and should prefer to buy our own experiences rather than to profit by those which Mr. Rooke offers us. The perfection of a guide-book is to be simple and concise, to point out all the principal objects of interest, to give

* *Alfieri: his Life, Adventures, and Works. A Sketch.* By C. Mitchell Charles. London: Chapman and Hall.

* *The Channel Islands, Pictorial, Legendary, and Descriptive.* By Octavius Rooke. London: Booth. 1856.

information as to the best modes of visiting them, to fall into no rhapsodies, and to keep strictly to plain, unadorned facts. It is a question whether legendary lore ought to find any place in works of this description; but if it is introduced, it should only be when the interest attached to any place is greatly enhanced by the legend associated with it, and even then the story ought to be told in the quietest and shortest fashion—not in the magniloquent style, interspersed with pauses, in which Mr. Rooke thus writes of the death of St. Helier:—

The night wears on; Helierus on the rock kneels lowly, still in prayer . . . The marauders' ships approach . . . they draw to land . . . the chieftain disembarks . . . and guided by the hermit's torch, speeds to the rock . . . At this, Helierus, slow rising up, addresses him in his own tongue, and asks why thus he comes with ships of armed men to that poor isle? The chief replies, he comes for plunder, and desires that he will show where best he may obtain it. . . . Helierus pleads that he will leave the land, but pleads in vain. . . . Then feeling within him the spirit of his God, he sternly reproves the chieftain, and warns him that his crimes will cause the anger of an incensed Deity to fall upon his guilty head. . . . Scornful the chieftain laughs . . . then up he springs upon the rock . . . and with one blow of his great battle-axe, Helierus gains the crown of martyrdom. . . . "That much for thee; and for thy God, be He of heaven or hell, alike I him defy!" the chieftain cries. . . . The impious words were said, and from the rising waters comes the swift reply . . . for now the tide's return brings sweeping in the waters of the bay; . . . urged on by a fierce wind they come, and, seizing the high-prowed barks, dash them against the rocks.

It is not only when writing of legends that Mr. Rooke indulges in this bombastic inflated style, as will be seen from the following example in which he is describing,

The most exquisite enchanting Bay of St. Brelade, hemmed in on all sides by high rocky hills. . . . And at your feet is spread a carpet of soft sand, soft and yet firm, washed free from all impurity by the ever-flowing tide, whose reflux leaves this glittering expanse smooth—as itself, for other simile, there's none that can express it. The world may all be searched from pole to pole, and nowhere can be found a spot more fair.

After these two specimens of the book, we strongly suspect that our readers would rather make shift without a guide than put themselves under such a cicerone as Mr. Rooke. But, we shall be asked, does the work contain no information whatever that may be serviceable to the intending traveller? To this we reply by endeavouring to gather from its pages all the little matter that seems likely to be of benefit to the casual visitor, or to those meditating a longer residence in the Channel Islands.

To begin with Jersey, the largest of the group—we may mention that at St. Heliers, the capital of the island, board and lodging may be had for about twenty-five shillings a week. Lodgings are numerous, and houses, furnished or unfurnished, with or without gardens, are always to be obtained on very moderate terms. Provisions are plentiful and good, and, generally speaking, a little cheaper than in England. The supply of fish, especially in Guernsey, is both abundant and cheap, and poultry and eggs are moderate in price, as also are fruit and vegetables. In addition to this, it must be remembered that everything exciseable in England is free from duty in the Channel Islands. With regard to wages, female servants ask from six to twelve pounds a year, gardeners are well paid, but in-door men-servants are almost unknown. The markets and shops in the principal towns are very good. French money is the principal currency in Guernsey, and English in Jersey. The banks issue one-pound notes, and there is very little gold in circulation. Physicians' fees are extremely moderate—so much so, that Mr. Rooke says Jersey is the cheapest place to be ill in that he ever knew. To people wishing to educate young families, Guernsey and Jersey offer, we are told, peculiar advantages—the colleges of Queen Elizabeth and Victoria being excellent establishments, and the terms moderate. The inhabitants of the Islands do not, however, appear to be remarkable for literary tastes, as the public library at St. Heliers contains but few works of interest to the general reader; but they have several cheap newspapers, some in French and some in English, containing all the local intelligence, together with a summary of news from the London journals. The religious wants of the community are well provided for, there being numerous churches, and chapels in abundance. At these the service is usually in French, but there are also English services at several of the churches. There seems some lack of amusement, for boating is too dangerous, and there is no opportunity for indulging in field sports. The inhabitants are, therefore, reduced to riding, walking, and driving, in summer, and in winter to balls, &c. They have horticultural meetings, which ought to be good, the soil of the Channel Islands being highly favourable to the cultivation of plants and flowers; and sometimes they have military reviews, races, and regattas. The walks in the neighbourhood of St. Heliers appear to be charming, even making allowance for the rose-coloured medium through which Mr. Rooke obliges us to view them. Never, he says, was a place so delightful for a pedestrian, since in every direction run roads and lanes innumerable, some leading through valleys and underneath the shade of trees—others climbing steep hills, from whose summits may be obtained beautiful views of the country beneath, and of the sea in the far distance. There are also numerous sea-side walks in St. Aubin's and St. Clement's Bays, where the sands are particularly firm and dry; and the Victoria and Albert Piers are very pleasant resorts at all times, and on the days of the arrival of the steam packets are much frequented.

The drives in the neighbourhood of St. Heliers appear to be as delightful as the walks. One of the pleasantest of these, Mr. Rooke informs us, is the drive to St. Brelade's Bay. The road

leads first to St. Aubins, formerly the capital of Jersey, and where many persons still reside, preferring its seclusion to the bustle of St. Heliers. It then continues along the sea-side, and after awhile, bending inland, ascends the summit of a hill; and here the country assumes a wilder appearance, until at last, near Noirmont, an uncultivated common takes the place of tillage. At the end of the promontory of Noirmont there is a little cone, called Portelet; and in the centre, on a massive crag, is situated martello tower. The spot has a lonely, desolate, though still beautiful appearance. "Over the rocky heights, and down a path which leads you through a village of poor houses, and then you find yourself in the more exquisite enchanting Bay of Brelade"—Mr. Rooke's description of which we have already quoted. The scenery of the north-western part of the island is different in character from that of the opposite coast—more picturesque and wild, but not less interesting. "It is impossible," says Mr. Rooke, "to detail the beauties of this end of the island; but the visitor will find the lanes even more beautiful than in other parts; added to which there are rocks and caves, beaches and downs, for scrambling, for exercise, and for air." In fact, it seems that in whatever direction the pedestrian extends his excursions, he will always find something new in the hundred little valleys which are to be found in the island, and something to interest him while pursuing the four hundred or more miles of road said to exist within its limits.

We have hitherto said nothing about St. Heliers itself. But the place appears to differ little from other provincial towns of the same size; and when we have remarked that it contains many good shops, six excellent markets, a theatre, clubs, a public library, &c., little remains that is worth mentioning. There is nothing striking in its architecture, and there is no enthusiasm amongst the inhabitants on the subject of the fine arts. All that we are told of them is that they are a most loyal race, and that, on the taking of Sebastopol, the populace did nothing for three nights but let off fireworks, play music, and shout.

We think that we have now pretty well weeded the manual before us, and gleaned from it the principal information Mr. Rooke gives us with regard to Jersey. As he says that there is a good Hand-book of Guernsey, we have not thought it necessary to cull anything from the notes he took during his stay there. Alderney he did not see; and Sark is not a place for residence, though its picturesque, bold, and striking scenery well deserves a visit. Mr. Rooke styles his book pictorial, as well as legendary and descriptive; and we must say that the sketches and vignettes with which he has embellished it are far superior to his letter-press, though we question whether, on so small a scale, they can give a very good idea of the scenery of the islands.

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